

CAVALCADE

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You don't dare
to miss this!

**IS YOUR SON
A GAOLBIRD?**

— page 74

HURRICANE



The American fleet sailing for the Third Fleet to meet the fleet of the sea god and destroy them—Admiral Yamamoto and the Japanese.

LOUIS LAIDLAW

TO-DAY the United States spends great sums on its hurricane patrol—that fleet of planes based throughout the Pacific Ocean with the job of tracing the movement of the mighty storms that career around that part of the world on erratic and numerous journeys, wrecking islands, small craft and bringing death to hundreds of sailors.

Just why is the American Navy so interested, in peace time, in tracking hurricanes? It has plenty of reason and reason to believe in the old saying that making a mistake once is forgivable, but to make the same mistake twice is inexcusable. Whether the men responsible for the first mistake, back in 1944, were forgetful or not part of the story, but no one argues that it shouldn't happen again.

The drama unfolded when, in 1944, the Japs were on the run. America had tremendous naval concentrations in the Western Pacific, together with many British and Australian ships, driving the enemy back to Nippon.

On December 12 the invasion of Mindoro in the Philippines started. The Third American Fleet was damaged from three days of constant bombardment of the Japanese islands. The Japs, 20 big aircraft carriers, eight battleships, many cruisers and dozens of destroyers, retired to safety out refueling operations. Admiral Nimitz decided to rendezvous the heavy-laden tanks and his ships at a point about 300 miles east of Luzon, reasoning in the knowledge that Japan's air power had been sufficiently crushed to allow the procedure to

be carried out in comparative safety. He little knew that there was another enemy lying in wait out over the horizon, to break the Third Fleet in its hour of victory as surely as the Japs had hit Pearl Harbour.

On the night of December 16-17 there was a sense of foreboding about the fleet; a storm was coming, but from where and how bad it would be no one knew.

December 17 was a Sunday and it dawned grey and oppressive. A short rolling sea made the carriers dip and the destroyers, tight laden, bob and roll readily. Throughout the day the sea made up and three times the random point was changed for safety sake.

Eventually the big decision had to be made—the precious needs of the men landed in the Philippines demanded that the navy get back there with full belief as soon as possible. So refueling commenced, despite the almost impossible state of the sea. Sprayed over hundreds of square miles of angry, howling ocean the tankers struggled as close to the truculent slope as they dared. The destroyers needed the oil most; they had spent many days of high-speed steaming and many were well under their safe minimum. They tried to get the tricky oil lines checked. But nature would have none of it. Line after line was snapped like string. Some destroyers got aboard a few hundred gallons before the pipelines snapped and spewed oil over their decks.

At this stage there was a wind force of 30 knots. The temperature was 82 degrees and the barometer reading 29.94. Visibility was down to five miles. There was already a bad storm developing.

In the afternoon the refueling operation was suspended and the fleet started in a direction that

would get them away from the supposed course of the storm, all hands at action stations, the destroyers in screening position and the senior pairing. The barometer had dropped and the wind was a steady roar with the seas even more leesoon and formidable than earlier.

Throughout the night the seas grew more violent and aboard the small ship gear was thrown about, wooden cases broken, crockery smashed, men, bound in their bunks, found sleep difficult. All that night the Japanese continued to fall and firing squads made the job of the captives and men on the bridges difficult. Keeping position in the fleet was at times impossible.

By dawn it was certain that the Third Fleet was going to get a passing from a typhoon to beat all typhoons. The barometer showed no signs of stopping its mad descent and in desperation the fleet changed course from south-west to south. But it was too late and the screening, terrible punishment was upon them.

During the morning watch reports came in from the destroyers. They were critically low on fuel and several had pumped out the salt water used as ballast in their fuel tanks. These ships were in a desperate position and their crews knew it. Riding high and light, the ships were top-heavy due to increased tropical weight in the form of extra oil-cake galls and radar gear. Some of the ships were down to 10 per cent of their fuel capacity.

The typhoon which—800 to 1000 hours—started violently with the wind screening as few men had ever experienced. The sea became a boiling, howling grey and white mass, with incandescent rain rattling

It is difficult to make out where the *sky* ended and the flying cloud started. The ships with fighting into great shapes between the tremendous waves, covered by tons of water for what seemed to the men minutes before they finally threw it off and struggled to remain afloat. Again it was the small ships that took the full force of the wind and sea. They were fighting for life as they fell into the frightening troughs and refused to leave their helms. Some of the fleet had enlarged the centre of the typhoon, a great swirling semi-circle of fury where the funnel of wind and the boiling ocean leap in a climax.

The destroyer "Dewey" reported its disastrous plight. Bridge steering control had been lost and the radio system had been put out of commission by flying solid salt sea water. Shortly after the escort carrier "Alameda" V, missile crane on the hangar deck tore loose from its moorings and wrecked three aircraft before it was secured.

Still the wind grew in intensity and the barometer continued to drop at a rate no one had seen before.

On the carrier "Coral Sea" there was real trouble. A 90-degree roll caused a plane to break loose and start a fire. Sailors struggled to control the plane as a hand-hauling truck ran amok and smashed a belly tank at a tight. Great green walls of water crashing on the ship ripped open the steel roller curtains on the port side of the hangar deck like tissue paper and tore away the forward anti-aircraft gun emplacement by its reinforced steel roots. The aneroid wind velocity recording device had one of its cups torn away but still registered 130 miles an hour. A great broadside of mountainous waves hit the carrier in quick

succession and after a nightmarish ten minutes the officers on the bridge saw that the motor whaleboat had been carried away; seven planes, a pug and several tractors had disappeared into the sea. Finally the crew was put the fire out.

Later in the day the barometer in many ships recorded a 90-92 series. The "Dewey" recorded what is perhaps the lowest reading ever made—21.14, and wind velocities of 125 miles an hour were common readings on ships near the storm centre.

The wind veered right around the compass during the afternoon and reached Force 17, well past the maximum of Force 12 of the old Beaufort scale, defined as a wind "that no canoe could withstand".

Aboard the ship life had become a frightening thing, with men injured and frantically search. No hot food was possible on the smaller craft and the craft themselves were threatening to flip apart. Chipping plates and bulkheads added to the shrieking winds and human voices could not be heard above the tormented howling of the last stays and rigging that remained intact. Below decks was chaos with tons of loose material sloughing about the decks with furniture smashed to matchwood.

Giant waves—70 feet from trough to top—picked up the lighter destroyers, some of them now barehulled and tossed them wildly until over the masts. All possible combinations of rudder and arrow failed to control them in the troughs and they rolled until their bows dug into the next crashing wall of water.

On the escort carriers it was a scene of flame and tearing metal, smashed planes and dead and dying men. On the light carrier "Boxer" (Seafire), a forty-two degree roll

set all the planes on one deck slithering and smashing from one end to the other, rupturing and tearing away all the life rafts and raft seats passing through the hatches. Spare engines called madly about tearing bulkheads and steam gushed from ruptured pipelines.

The "Alameda", a 14,000-ton carrier, was plowing the waves like a giant warboard while the planes in her holds wreaked her fire rooms and bulkheads.

On all the ships the story was the same, death, damage and informs. The "Dewey" was nearly a dead ship, registering 90-degree rolls. She struggled through but she was luckier than her sisters, "Monaghan" and "Spence".

"Monaghan", a veteran ship that had fought from Pearl Harbour to Leyte, died fighting to the last. Without light or power and punctured beyond endurance, she failed to rise from one devastating roll and went to the bottom with 18 sailors and 212 men.

About the same time "Spence" went, too, after drifting for hours a director. Only one officer survived—Lieutenant Alphonse Stephen Kryuchkow. He was sitting in the captain's cabin when soon talking to the ship's doctor when an awful roll flung him to the other side of the room. Creeping on hands and knees he dragged through the water gushing into the ship. He got off the ship with about 70 sailors but the "Spence", 2000 tons of steel with the power of 60,000 horses was done. Destroyer "Shelby", an older ship, also disappeared in the hell that the Fleet had been subjected to.

Soon after the typhoon passed on, the barometer rose slightly and in the late afternoon the winds had moderated to 100 miles an hour. Behind it the Fleet lay scattered over hundreds of miles of ocean,

broken and sick. Some destroyers began the heartbreaking job of recovering the crews for possible survivors of the lost ships. But most of them had enough to do looking after their own damage and injured.

In all, the great typhoon cost 780 dead or missing—308 from the "HMS", about 284 from the "Monaghan", 117 from the "Spence", mortally injured or missing from other ships; 100 planes were blown overboard or damaged beyond repair. Thirty ships required major repairs and nearly all the others minor attention. Technical plans for the strikes against Luçon had to be cancelled and the Third Fleet limped away into Ulithi Atoll.

At a solemn post-mortem a naval court of inquiry found that "large errors were made in predicting the location and path" of the hurricane. Admiral Nimitz pointed out that the damage done represented a mere crippling blow to the Third Fleet than it might be expected to suffer in anything less than a major action.

So the American Navy has plenty of reason to fear and respect the Pacific hurricane. It is making sure with the Hurricane Patrol that it will never again be caught.

Monster seas crippled the aircraft carrier



QUEER QUIRKS OF FATE

BY RYAN BRADSHAW

What is fate? Is it
necessity? Was this
fate or coincidence?



FATE is the greatest fiction of all time. The paradox is that she uses facts for her material. The most imaginative novelist, the most searching poet, the most original thinker, and the most ingenious writer of history will find that fate has had and done it all before, much better and, in fact, dreamed up fictions that none of them has ever before thought about. Fate is an all-powerful genius which does not draw the line at any subject and makes that's why fiction could never hope to be stronger than fact.

Take a look at a few of her inventions, like the one concerning Lord Chief Justice Holt of England, an adventure from the dusty records of the past that still finds its way into books being examples of curious and amazing happenings.

Holt was a young man of the time. One day, to celebrate some family good fortune, he gathered together a few of his lucky compatriots and they did the town, making every alehouse a stopping place. At the end of the day the young blades found themselves still as spritely as ever, but dead broke and famished.

Pondering for but a few minutes, Holt, with a strong and hot, darted into a nearby inn, calling on his friends to follow him. As they sat down at the table Holt jocosely remarked that they didn't look too sure of themselves. Whatever could be the matter? They asked him

whether he was doing this just as a dare, or had he the whole-world in his pocket all the time. Holt granted stoically, and told them to leave it to him.

"I'll let the skin be born of the moment," was all the assurance he gave them.

Soon the party was eating and drinking merrily, merrily, merrily to forget their destination. The innkeeper was a silent, somber man who didn't look as if he would shrink from the task of wiping the floor with all of them, on mass. As the meal finished, all eyes were on Holt. It was obvious that he was preparing himself to break the news and that his former self-confidence had weakened considerably. Finally, as the group squared with increasing disquiet, under the suspicious stare of the innkeeper, Holt rose to his feet and began "Sir—"

At that moment the innkeeper's daughter, a girl of 17 or 18, appeared in the doorway. Her face was shifty, and she was chattering volubly. She walked a few steps and collapsed. The innkeeper ran to her. She dug Holt's companion, Holt, the quick brain looking for an idea, oily circled across the room. The others were helping the girl to her feet. She was still shuddering as though in a fit. Recognizing her affliction, for what it was, an ague, Holt suddenly saw the opportunity he had been waiting for.

"Sir," he said, "I am a physician. This child has caught a chill. It may be the pleasure to dover. Quickly, a dish of warm water and some rum."

In a few moments the innkeeper returned. Holt set the girl down before the roaring fire and told her to immerse her feet in the dish of water. He told her to sip the rum. Then, taking a ring from his

finger and holding it aloft, he went through a mysterious ritual of incantation and posture. At the conclusion of the weird ceremony, viewed by his friends with perplexity and by the innkeeper and daughter with goggled eyes, Holt presented the ring to the girl.

"Wear this charm, this amulet, my dear, and your ague will disappear and never return again."

The girl immediately suspended the ring about her neck. Strangely enough, in fifteen minutes her paroxysm passed, and though the reason for it is anybody's guess, the effect on the innkeeper was overwhelming. His anxiety, his silence, even his forbidding demeanor, vacuous, and friendlessness and unrestrained gullitude took their place.

Holt insisted on paying him for the service, but the wretched heir of it. He insisted to pay Holt for his ministrations, but Holt prevailed on him to regard the master as fair exchange and leave it at that.

Outside the barge doctor and his friends laughed uproariously at the clever deception.

But Holt had not heard the last of it. Years later, when he was a wise, grey-haired, a scruffy old doctor was brought before him accused of witchcraft. When questioned, the human wretch looked into the benign eyes of the Lord Chief Justice, and said: "I have a charm for the cure of witchcraft, and it never fails."

Holt, straining forward, found himself looking with shocked astonishment at the amulet, the ring, he had given away in a profitable book so many years before, but, strive as he might, nowhere in that brawny, plodding, unadorned creature facing him could he find a vestige of the innkeeper's daughter.

Yet like it was—and the best partners, incidentally, to be tried for the offence of witchcraft in England.

With Pierre Herreg this played a strange turnabout not with the will but with the heart he looked at everything.

Most canals are sluggish, breeding and temperamental animals. The one that Herreg drove in his work in an African oil-mill, seemed even more sluggish and vindictive than the rest of the land. Herreg treated it with the hardness of hate. He beat it unmercifully. The coarse lay-as-roads in Herreg's sour, surly, cruel character as in the egocentrism of the canal, and probably one was a cog-wheel for the other.

Herreg knew canals. He knew that this one did not forgive and forget. It played its vengeance. The injuries it had suffered at his hands formed a dangerous spreading cancer of resentment always seeking the chance to curse itself by seeking retaliation.

Herreg saw that it never got that chance. He never made a mistake with it. Nothing could shake him from his vigilance.

One night the canals' intent was suddenly passed to him. Slumbering on the usual raised platform in the mill, while the canal roared stabled in a corner, Herreg thought he heard a strange cry and came awake suddenly. He listened, but there was no further sound. He looked at the canal, and saw that it was shouting.

In the strong white moonlight he could see every movement it made. The head turned this way and that, in a guilty foreboding, and then, as though satisfied that it was safe, the head made stealthily, self-foisted advances towards a bundle of clothes lying ominously on the ground.

From where he was even Herreg could see that they had the necessary hideous appearance of a sleeping figure. He waited. When the crowd was beside the bundle of rags, looked curiously about again, and then, with a savage snort, attacked its presumptuous victim.

The violence of the assault horrified Herreg, even though he had often surmised what would have happened to him once the canal got the upper hand. Fortunately, it rolled over and back and forth on the bundle, exerting all its weight, and then, standing, snatched off the clothes to shreds with its teeth.

Then it quivered and remained for several moments in the one spot with an inscrutable air of deeply satisfied revenge.

But the strangest part of the queer drama was yet to be played.

As the canal started to return to its course, Herreg raised himself on one elbow, and cried out again.

An instantaneous change came over the head. It crawled completely around as though unwise that it had really heard the hated sound of its taskmaster's voice. Herreg spoke again, and the canal saw him, and was studded with guilty terror at the nature of its act and the discovery of its treachery. In a panic it rushed at the wall, biting its head like a ravenous, broke-as-neck, rebuked and enraged and died immediately.

Many people thought that the real villain of the piece, the one who had it coming to his, was Herreg, not the condemned that's into the you look, expectation, irresistibly moved nothing to take. It's the quick that counts.

Even stranger perhaps is the story of the mummy's corpse at Furtuna, Sweden.

Early in the last century a number of workmen were ordered to form a cross-cut between certain shafts in the Furtuna mines. To their horror they came across a corpse lying 300 feet below in a pool of vitriol. The body, that of a young man, was perfectly preserved. There, in the underground tomb, it was so stiff to the touch that the discoverers would have eaten the man just dead, but, as they brought it to the surface and into contact with the air, the corpse seemed rapidly to putrefy and became as hard as a stone statue which it greatly resembled.

From all over the district, and beyond, people came to view the body. Physicians said it was saturated with the vitriol of the iron-mine and it was this which accounted for the remarkable state of preservation. There was even a tinge of colour in the cheeks.

But of all those who came nobody knew who the man was. Enquiries were made, records traced, but nobody in the neighbourhood could remember any circumstances attaching to the young man's disappearance, let alone recognise his identity. This was understandable. Men came and went at the mines of Furtuna. Mine accidents were frequent. Deaths and disappearances were common. Tragedies were born and forgotten.

The whole matter was passing in the extreme. With no one knowing the dead man and with no identifying papers or marks on his body, it seemed that the young man would have to be buried in an unknown's grave. This always is unsatisfactory, but there was no alternative. The authorities deferred the burial as long as they could, hoping for identification, but finally the date was set for interment.

A day before the man was to

FATHER AND DAUGHTER

"That boy of yours is not so bright,
I see him try to pick a fight;
I see I'll have to choose your friends.

"Lose you or, they will make friends."

"Oh, Dad, my dear, Bob's all right;
And really, Dad, he's very bright,
He must be, Dad, the way he
tends
To burn the candles at both ends."

KAY-ME.

be buried in a proper grave, an old grey-haired woman, bent and leaning on crutches, made her way through the throng of curious sightseers; looking on the dead face she wept and identified it as that of her husband who had been missing for fifty years. She was able to recall and describe the circumstances of the mining disaster in which he was lost.

The onlookers stood in awe and amazement at this terrible reunion: first at the man who had lain dead for half a century in the bowels of the earth, and yet strikingly retained the looks of youth; and then at the woman who, in living, had become a decayed and wasted old crone.

She could have been a grandmother at the side of her newly-made grandson. That would have looked right and natural. Indeed, they were known. They were husband and wife. They were time and eternity.

Curtain Call

TALMAGE POWELL



One kind word from him would help her deadly plan. And fearfully she waited for him to say it.

LETTIE LIPSCOMBE stood at the bay window and watched her husband bring his heavy maroon convertible into the driveway. Roger arranged the bumper against the glass pillar beside the entrance, brushed the left side of the car against the hedge, and brought the convertible to a jack-rabbit stop. He now angled in the general direction of the garage.

Lettie let the lace curtain fall from her fingers, and slipped back from the window. It was really too nice a car to receive such treatment. Waiting to please Roger. Lettie had paid almost six thousand dollars for the convertible.

Roger gave her one glance as he hurried by her. She followed him into the dining room.

Lettie controlled an urge to twist her hands together spasmodically. She brought a smile to life on her lips and said, "Hello, darling. Have a nice time at the yacht club?"

He turned, saw her, swept her from head to toe with his gaze. "Always following me. Always after me."

"No, really, Roger. I saw you come in. I—I thought perhaps you'd like to go out to dinner after you, Lettie."

"No, thanks," he said.

She studied him for a moment, colour fading from her face. "I'm glad you don't want to go out with me." She let her lip quickly, forced a laugh. "Of course I know better than that! Don't I, Roger? Don't I?"

There was, in her whole bearing, a deep and intense passion, as if she were silently begging, "Rescue me, Roger. I need resuscitation so very much!"

He slouched in a chair, setting bottle and glass on the table before him. His eyes were brooding, bitter. Lettie felt an urge of anger as he sat staring at her. He had no right to look at her like that. As if . . . As if she'd ever thrown her money up to him or made him feel in any way a kept man.

The anger died quickly, leaving a feeling of hollow sadness in its place. What she had or who she was had never made the slightest difference. All she'd ever wanted from Roger was to be loved.

"You are—my man—aren't you? You do love me, Roger?"

"Sometimes," he said hoarsely. "I can't stand the sight of you. Go look at yourself in the mirror."

Her face a nervous splash of white, she obeyed, walking to the buffer and looking at herself in the mirror. What was really wrong with her? Nothing. She was neither terribly attractive nor unattractive.

She turned back to him, hands in the pockets of her darkish skirt. "Roger," she said with great seriousness in her eyes, "I wish you hadn't said that to me. I do wish you hadn't."

"Yeah?"

"It makes me feel alone, last," she said, a faint shiver rippling over her, following her words. "It reminds me of some poor creature I heard Felice Conway talking about yesterday afternoon."

She saw him start. She turned her back to him again, walked to the buffer, traced her finger along the edge of it. "I went to the Wedgely for lunch. Felice came in."

"Alone?" Roger said, a hoarse

note in his voice. "Was she alone?" "Why, no. Why do you ask that?"

"Thought she might have joined you."

"As a matter of fact, she didn't see me. Yesterday she wasn't seeking company. She had it already. She was with a very handsome man."

She heard the uncontrollable intake of Roger's breath. He got to his feet.

"I caught a glimpse of Felice in the back car mirror," Lettie said. "She's beautiful, isn't she? A more commanding blonde I've never had eyes on. I imagine a lot of men would love their silly heads off at a drop of her lattice. The Frenchman she was with seemed to have lost his hand."

"Frenchman?"

"I suppose he was. She called him Andre. You see, they came in and sat near me, just a potted palm was between us. I could hear almost every word they said." Lettie turned, leaning back against the buffer. Her gaze on her husband's back. "Andre," she called him. Andre Vardon. She used the last name once in making a little joke. And he called her Princess."

The new Roger's back stiffened slightly at the nickname.

"It was amazing, their performance," Lettie went on. "They all but began kissing each other right there in the Wedgely. You've never heard such lovey-dovey talk. You could certainly tell that this Frenchman, tall, dark, strikingly handsome, was running a torrid fever for her—and Felice was going him a few degrees better. Really. They needed a marriage license and honeymoon cottage."

"That's enough," Roger said in a thick voice. His shoulders, Lettie saw, were shaking. His hands were

clenched at his sides. "Enough of your lying game!"

"All right, Roger," Lettie said mildly.

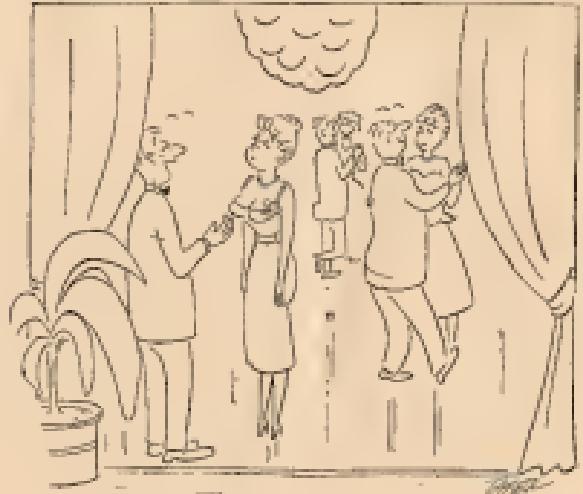
"Ask anyone who was in the Weddy yesterday. The water had to close her throat three times when he came for their order to break up their meeting. But that wasn't the gaudy part. Not yet. Not at all."

Lettie stopped speaking and moved toward the doorway.

"Lettie!" It was almost a shout. Roger had turned to face her. Veins swelled and throbbed on his temples. "The gaudy part, Lettie," he hissed in a whisper. "What was the gaudy part?"

"Oh, an older Fellow has been

carrying on. With some married man. She said he was positively insane about her—and such a contemptable fool and complete ass. She never mentioned his name, just identified him as Pet Stuff and Baldy and the Puffed-up Bachelor. She and Andre had quite a few laughs about poor Baldy. Seems Baldy thinks he cuts quite a figure on the tennis court and at the beach. Actually, Fellow said, he was ridiculous, acting ten years below his age, charging around the tennis court with his growing belly jiggling, showing off his muscles when they swam, only to flop on the beach and gasp like a sick whale when he came out of the water.



"I don't do the numbers or the snakes, but I'll be glad to hold you while you do."

"Andre chillingly told Fellow that Pet Guy was going to see through her weddy, but she assured Andre that Baldy was such a contemptible and stupid fool that he always believed she was laughing with him, not at him. She would take care to keep Baldy on the string until he was worth as much to her and Andre as a used ticket. Poor Baldy. It seems, is paying for all of the fun and high living. Fellow and Andre are enjoying Andre—half seriously, and yet one knew he was really serious—mocked Fellow with the threat that he'd walk out on her if she let their nasal tuxedo stop her. Fellow made a faint cry in her throat and said, "Starting, darling. If you ever leave me, I'll die. I can stand the touch of his hands, his angry jokes, his braying laughter, only as long as I know you'll come to wipe the detestable memory of him away."

"Then she warned Andre that Andre might be nearing the end of his resources. It seems Baldy's wife has the money tied up somewhere, and he has to be and does to get enough money to keep Fellow satisfied. Darling! That's either like us, isn't it? About the money, I mean. We each take an allowance out of the cookie jar, you know—" Lettie's giggle sounded empty, foolish to her own ears—"enough to keep up an expensive toy on the side! Oh, but what am I saying? We were talking about Fellow and Andre, weren't we? You and Andre seemed to worry a moment and then decided he should perhaps be watching for another Baldy, a second—or perhaps it's the tenth or twentieth—Puffed-up Bachelor for me when the present Baldy finally was no good for any more money. Andre said, "I'll likely come to you, want to marry you when he can't afford you any

longer." And Fellow said, "That of course, and then I'll at last be able to tell him how I despise him."

"Think of the real horor of it all, Roger! Roger . . . where are you going?"

He didn't answer. She wondered if he even saw or heard her. She listened as his footsteps mounted the stairs with his wrought iron rail. A door slammed. He came back downstairs. He left the house. She crossed to the window and watched him start the car.

Lettie moved slowly to the living room, picked up the phone, and dialed a number. "Mr. Andre Tonton? This is Mrs. Lippsen. I'm putting a cheque in the mail for you today, and you'll find I've added a small bonus. No, I want need you any longer. The size of the cheque will show my thanks—and what a fine job you did. Tell your agent, for me, that when I come searching for an unemployed star for a special kind of performance, I really didn't expect to find one as very competent. Good-bye."

In the large front bedroom upstairs Lettie opened a drawer and pulled out the pink, spotted, indifferent little note that Roger had drunkenly forgotten to destroy and that had caused Lettie to take an interest in Fellow in the first place. Slowly, Lettie set the note to the side.

She walked to the bedside table and opened the drawer Roger had always kept the shiny revolver here since the bungles were two years ago. The revolver was gone now.

Lettie did the drawer gently closed.

"Good-bye, Fellow," said Lettie in a quickly sad voice. "Good-bye, Pet—Baldy . . ."

Crime Capsules

REACH, FARMER

The Whinberry-Norton feud was the longest and most bitter of Wyoming's range wars. By 1882 there were only Jake Whinberry and Reed Norton left of the two families. One day a grass fire broke out in the Whinberry property and Jake was trapped in the barns of the ranchhouse. Reed rode up on his horse and dived straight into the fire. He pulled out his enemy, but said "You only bring you for my own hellcat." He meant it. Two days later Jake was ambushed by Reed and shot dead.

REASONS AND EXCUSES

In Knoxville, Tennessee, a man explained that he couldn't report to a probation officer because his children had cut up his probation papers into paper dolls. In Chicago a man, charged with stealing a policeman's wallet, explained to the court: "I was sleepy and my hand just kept moving toward his pocket." But a woman in Spokane, Washington, gave one of the most fantastic excuses on record. Arrested for speeding, she told the court: "The wind blew so hard it made me go faster than I really wanted to."

ALIBI

A youth was arrested at Alpena, Michigan and charged with setting fire to his home, which

was in that town. His alibi was a good one. He said he could not possibly have done it because he was away in Detroit that day, shooting a moose. Like the house that was burned, he went up.

ESCAPES

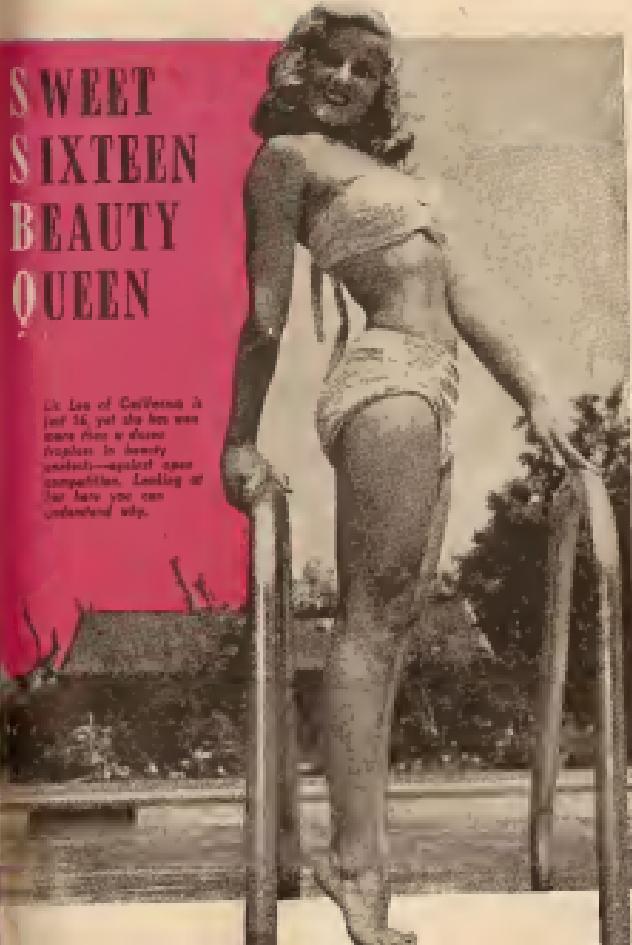
After the 18th escape in one year from the State Prison Farm near Salt Lake City, someone erected a signpost on the adjacent highway. It read: "Drive Slowly—Prisoners Escaping." They must get strong in New Jersey. One convict escaped from a prison farm there and when captured he was asked why he escaped. He told police, "I couldn't stand the mosquitoes." A prisoner at Hinton, West Virginia, struck the right note. He escaped by sawing a bar from the jail window with a hand saw!

COP THIS

A man was arrested in Chicago a couple of years ago for turning in false alarms for the police. He had a reason for his doosh. He said: "Whenever I drink a lot of beer, I get the urge to see cops work." Another man was arrested in Richmond, Virginia and charged with being drunk. He told the judge that he wanted to be arrested because the prison had a good laundry service and he wanted to be spruced up. He was given ten days.

SWEET SIXTEEN BEAUTY QUEEN

Dee Lee of California is just 16, yet she has won more than a dozen trophies in beauty contests—against open competition. Looking at her here you can understand why.





Left: Linda (left), Linda's Pet, made just upped her sister a beauty contest. When Linda firmly declined, the girl pressed her in lace, holding out and a pair of high-heeled shoes if she would change her mind. She accepted and she was the contest. With Linda now, the receiver rolls out all kinds of the dog.



Right: Although a beauty queen who has known accustomed to the smiling eyes of the public, she remains unspoiled and is pleased by her success. But when we tell you that her vital statistics are 34, 22, 35, and that these measurements are on a girl 5' 4", weighing eight stone, you are understand her success.

Left: Everybody keeps souvenirs. Perhaps your grandfather collects pictures of racing drivers or sports heroes. But this grandfather is about filled of photos and even some videos himself. Maybe she is not the only one who keeps a souvenirs about the dog.





"I worship the ground he discovered oil on!"

TAKING THE **FEAR** OUT OF **D**entistry

TANARA ANDREEVA



There is no pain during or after dental operations when hypnosis is used.

SOME day you may go to sleep

in a dentist's chair as pleasantly as if you were sleeping under a tree on a hot summer day. Your feeling will be just as relaxed and just as far from all the pain paraphernalia, usually associated with the dental chair. Furthermore, while your dentist works on you, you will feel no discomfort and pain. You may be daydreaming about your last date; a movie you have just seen; or just fall into a dreamless, pleasant sleep. All this is now possible through the application of hypnosis to medicine, and specifically to dentistry.

The general public's knowledge of hypnosis is based mostly on old wives' tales or on stories like those about Svengali, where an evil person presumably could gain control over his hapless hypnotized victim. Nothing can be further from the facts about hypnosis and its current applications to medicine, says Dr. Lawrence Horne, formerly of New Jersey, now of California, who uses hypnosis daily to alight the teeth and reduce the suffering of his dental patients. The use of hypnosis in modern dentistry is known as hypnodontology.

"The fact some people have of

dentistry, dentists, and the dental chair," Dr. Harris says, "is absent. Sometimes it is so tremendous that even anaesthetic drugs have little effect. It is this type of patient who needs and responds readily to the soothing effects of hypnosis. While in hypnotic state, my patients are fully aware of what is going on. I talk to them and they talk to me. Nothing is ever done, or CAN be done against their will. Hypnosis only works of those in the patient's full and willing co-operation. Should one attempt to do anything that can in any way harm the subject or hurt their feeling of right and wrong, they would instantly and automatically wake up."

After an introductory interview at which the patient is usually nervous, making a handkerchief or a pair of gloves, Dr. Harris has a heart to heart talk with him. He explains how his application of hypnosis works. He assures the patient that no pain will be inflicted on him, that no work will be started until he can feel no pain.

When that happy state has been achieved, there may or may not be need for anaesthetic. In some instances the threshold of pain is listed as high, as drug of any kind is unnecessary. In other instances, a mild injection is administered, and the patient having the fear of the needle is not jarred. The mind relaxed, he feels nothing.

The hypnotizing itself is accomplished in a most unusual manner. Dr. Harris has proved that the old Swengali method with a moccasin standing over the person making mysterious passes is gone forever. Dr. Harris is not in the room while the patient is being hypnotized. "The patient does it himself by listening to a recording of mine in which all I do is help him relax," he says.

The recording includes several test cases on which the doctor comes in to check how deeply the subject is hypnotized. When the subject reaches the desired depth of hypnosis, the dental work is begun. Before it is finished, Dr. Harris gives the subject several suggestions, such as the feeling of wellbeing and happiness, and not remembering anything unpleasant about his experience.

When the patient wakes, this is precisely what does happen: he is happy, buoyant, and remembers nothing disagreeable about his dental experience.

"Not only does he feel no pain and no ugly postoperative effects," Dr. Harris says, "but in many cases his entire attitude toward dentistry has changed. He no longer fears it, or looks upon a dentist as an enemy. He realizes that the dentist is his friend, trying to help him. People who have never worn dental plates, and who would normally have a hard time getting adjusted to them, wake right into the wearing of them like veterans, without any trouble.

"Many profit so much from the hypnotic session," he says, "that they want, and do, learn to hypnotize themselves, which helps them to get relaxation when life's daily processes get to be too much."

They soon overcome their fear of not waking up. Even the hypnotist failing to wake them, they would wake up by themselves. "The trouble is to keep them asleep, not in getting them to awake," says Dr. Harris.

Only people of normal intelligence who are co-operative can be hypnotized. Morons, or those who find the experience cannot be. "All hypnotic is," Dr. Harris says, "is the narrowing down of concentration. Only a few can stand in the

way of achieving this concentration."

The basis of hypnosis is HYPNOTIC. Every intelligent person is suggestible, and when the suggestion is repeated persistently, it becomes compelling. To increase suggestability, repetition is used. Dr. Harris' own recording goes like this:

"Now you feel comfortable and relaxed . . . in spirit and in body . . . Your every thought will be directed to the happy conclusion of rest . . . relaxation . . . Take a deep breath. Deeper. Deeper. Count one . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five. Part your lips and expel all the air possible from your lungs . . . Relax deeply . . . deeply . . . deeply . . . Let go. Now breathe normally. Repeat, relax . . . Take a deep breath while I count to five again: ONE TWO, THREE FOUR, FIVE. RELAX, RELAX, RELAX, RELAX, RELAX, RELAX, RELAX."

"Close your eyes. Squeeze the eyelids together and hold them while I count to five. One, two, three, four, five. Relax your eyes and lips. Let the air out through your relaxed lips and say to yourself relax, relax, relax, relax, relax . . . Please answer all questions by nodding, but without speaking. Do you feel relaxed? Do you feel relaxed? Are you more relaxed now? Good. Relax now in peaceful darkness.

"Just relax, over and over, every muscle now . . . Keep your eyes closed . . . keep them closed . . . Look at the spot above your forehead known as the Between-the-Eyes Center . . . Keep looking up . . . Your eyes are relaxed. Your cheeks are relaxed. Your lips are relaxed. Your skin is relaxed.

"Wet your lips with your tongue. Now you are nicely relaxed and we

have counted to five. I will count again to five and you will start to relax all over your body and you will not want to open your eyes. Your eyes are closed and you are looking at the relaxation centre above your forehead. You do not want to open your eyes. You are relaxed. Just let all the muscle tension out of your body. Now you cannot open your eyes. Just keep them closed and relaxed. They want to stay closed.

"Keep them closed until I ask you to open them. Relax deeply. Let yourself just drift. Driftily and relaxed . . . driftily and relaxed . . . driftily and relaxed . . . driftily and relaxed. Sooooo relaxed . . . Relax more and more . . . deeper and deeper. Perhaps even deeper and sleepier . . . just rest quietly in darkness . . . mutual darkness . . . It feels nice good . . . sooo calm . . . sooo peaceful . . . with every breath you take you can relax more and more deeply. So calm . . . so peaceful . . . You will remember this entire procedure as a pleasant experience.

"Start relaxing muscles on top of your head . . . on your temples . . . your cheeks . . . relax every muscle in your body. It feels so good to relax your whole body. So calm . . . Count with me backwards, from ten to zero . . . nine . . . eight . . . seven . . . six . . . five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . zero . . . drifting down into a pleasant relaxed feeling."

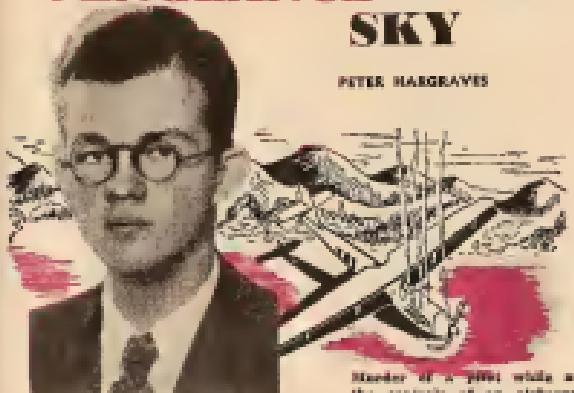
At this point Dr. Morris gives the patient whatever suggestions are necessary for his well-being during the dental work to proceed. "Then relaxed . . . every muscle . . . Just easily, gently, trusting . . . so relaxed . . . so tired . . . and relaxed . . . Tired and deeply relaxed. Keep close attention on every suggestion I give you and as you rest there, calm and relaxed, your mind is awake. It can concentrate on every

suggestion I give you. Just relax. "All these suggestions are for your mind. You will pay no attention to other sounds. Your eyes are closed and will stay closed until I tell you to open them. You are to listen closely to every word that I speak. You feel so relaxed as at ease. And after this if you should wish to relax, all you will have to do is remember how easy pleasant it was to be helped like this. Every suggestion is for your own good. You will like them, you will approve of them and of relaxing. I will count in three, and at the count of three you will be awake, pleasantly refreshed, rested, and feeling good all over your body. Three—open your eyes, and feel wonderful, just as if you have had the most pleasant experience of your life!"



VENGEANCE in the SKY

PETER HARGRAVES



Master of a plane while at the controls of an airborne plane not a posed for the police. What was the master

AT ABOUT SUNSET on the afternoon of February 14, 1931, the inhabitants of San Benito, Texas, noticed a peculiar two-seater biplane behavior peculiarly as it circled an emergency flying field on the outskirts of the town. It was rolling and weaving like a drunken sailor. One of the occupants, in the rear seat, was fighting with the controls and trying to straighten out to make a landing.

A few moments before, murder had been committed in the plane. The man in the rear cockpit produced a gun. His gun was trained at the back of the pilot's head. It exploded with a roar that was unheard through the noise of the engine.

The gunman tried to take over the plane on the dual controls. Then he found that he could not see. He

was enveloped in a swirling red mist. Not for a few seconds did he realize that his goggles were streaming with blood from the wound in the pilot's head.

Frantically the rear alman tried to brush the mist of blood from his goggles with one hand, while he tried to steady the plane with the other.

It was no use. The shot pilot was exerting a smother vengeance in his blood and the blinded killer crashing to the ground.

The earth was rushing up to the plane. It overthrew the flying field and dived towards a ploughed paddock on the far side.

A car had sped on to the field below. A man leaped out, shotgun in hand. He looked up at the doomed plane. He saw the wide stain of red which sprawled down

at side. Knowing the airport at that season of year, he passed over the car and shot it back the way he came. He had not gone 30 yards when there was a crash as the plane dived into the ground. Knocked over the wheel of the car, the man did not look around.

A few minutes later, the phone rang at San Bruno Police Headquarters. The Chief of Police, J. H. Godfrey, answered. An excited attendant from the airfield babbled out the details of the crash. "There are two dead men, chief?" he gasped excitedly. "And it's murder. You had better get here quick."

When Godfrey's car arrived at the airfield, he found a crowd on the field. The pilot had managed to exercise some control and make a "porpoise" landing, crashing the undercarriage and disengaging one wing.

The official pilot's clothes and helmet were removed, and it was seen he was a plump-faced, stocky, dark-haired man of about 30. The body of the second occupant was lying on the ground, a dozen feet away.

He had been unhurt in the landing and had jumped out of the plane immediately. He saw figures running towards him. The whole scene for which he had killed collapsed. He put the gun to the side of his face and pulled the trigger. He died almost immediately.

Police Chief Godfrey picked up the M.16 he had used from beside the body. He pulled off the man's goggles and revealed the face of a handsome, intelligent-looking young fellow of about 21. In the dead man's clenched left hand was a tiny, heart-shaped golden locket. It was devoid of any inscription.

From the caretaker of the flying field, Chief Godfrey learned that the plane had made an earlier landing

shortly before the perpetration of the murder in the plane it had landed on the emergency field and both men had stepped out. They had seemed surprised to find someone else in residence.

The pilot—the man now identified—had been asked to fill in the usual official form for an airport landing. He had signed himself Lehman Nelson, of the large aircraft of Burlingame, six miles away.

After a couple of minutes on the field, both men had climbed back in the plane and taken off again. They seemed to head back to Burlingame.

The caretaker had watched the plane fall in mid-air. About the same time a car arrived at the field. The caretaker, his attention on the mysterious plane, had taken little notice of it. However, he had noticed that the occupant alighted. In the excitement of the plane crash, he had not seen the car speed away again.

The police were nonplussed by the inexplicable affair. The emergency flying field was little used. The caretaker was not there continuously. They could only think that perhaps the guy in the plane had intended to steal petrol from a small storehouse on the field.

Chief Godfrey questioned the caretaker as to the relations between the two men. Although one was to outrank the other within a few minutes, they had seemed quite friendly when they landed.

The police went through the pockets of both men for some half a day. The pilot, Lehman Nelson, carried the necessary identification papers, all in order. There was nothing on the younger man, however, to identify him.

All that was found in his pockets was a small square of paper, neatly folded. It proved to be a home-

made, well-drawn map. It showed in good detail the Texas coastline near San Bruno and the Mexican coast to the south, around to the great hunting peninsula of Yucatan. There were compass bearings and careful calculations of distances for a long and dangerous five-hour flight right across the Gulf of Mexico to Coatzacoalcos in Yucatan.

Godfrey set off to Burlingame to see what he could learn at the airport there.

At Burlingame Airport, a group of excited pilots and officials were gathered before one of the hangars. News of the mysterious double-death had been telephoned to them from San Bruno.

No one knew why the plane had landed on the emergency field. The pilot, Lehman Nelson, was a commercial aviator who gave flying lessons as a sideline. He was honest and dependable. The plane was the property of another instructor, William Williams.

The general view at the airport was that Williams had been called away on business. He had delegated Pilot Nelson to give the lesson, using his plane. No one knew the identity of the supposed pupil. Few had seen Nelson taking off with him.

From the officials the police learned that an attempt had been made to steal the same plane last night a week before. A guard had heard the door of its hangar slam open. An entry had been forced. Bill Williams' plane had been pulled towards the door, but a wing became wedged between an iron stanchion and the hangar wall. Frightful of discovery, the intruder had left it and fled.

The guard heard voices across the driveway. He ran towards the sound. The voices became clearer. He thought he could distinguish the

tones of a woman. He saw a car through the gloom. Before he could reach it, the engine roared to life and it sped away towards Burlingame.

Police Chief Godfrey decided that the best starting point for the investigation was Pilot Bill Williams. He must know the identity of the mysterious pupil, the second pilot who had suddenly taken his instructor, Lehman Nelson.

Williams was not at the airport. Neither was he at his home address. Worried about his plane, Williams had rushed to the scene of the crash as soon as he heard news of it. Williams was ordered to stay in San Bruno in wait for Godfrey.

Shaken by the tragic affair, Williams revealed that the pilot pilot was a young man named Bert McNamee. He substituted for another and was killed.



Call of a prominent social family. Williams was upset that McCall—an old and trusted friend—had doubtless intended to kill him that afternoon. Only urgent business prevented him taking the youth up for his lesson. As a result, another friend, Lebanon Nelson, whom he had asked to take his place, now lay dead.

The police explained to Williams how the evidence showed that McCall had premeditated the crime as part of a plot to get possession of the plane to fly to Tucson.

The pilot knew nothing of any such scheme. He doubted whether McCall had connections with some criminal gang for planned smuggling.

ing operations, as the police were inclined to believe.

Obviously asked Williams about the attempted stealing of his plane from the hangar. The pilot was able to offer a clue in the culprit. Three days before he had been stopped on the street by another young man—Steve-San Benito and warned that a second attempt would be made to get his plane. The pilot now realized that the youth who spoke to him was a friend of Erin McCall. Apparently he did not approve of the scheme and wanted to circumvent it to prevent trouble.

Police interviewed the youth. He supplied them with the name and address of a young teen-age blonde.

She was known as McCall's girl-friend and he suspected she knew something of the plane-stealing plan.

The police remembered the sudden lurch in the corner's hand and the girl's voice in the thieves' car on the airfield. They went to her address and found the same from a prominent, respectable family, which was horrified at the accusations of her nocturnal jinkings with the wild, adventure-crazy Erin McCall.

At San Bruno Police Headquarters, the girl was questioned. She insisted that she did not know Erin McCall was going to commit murder. He had merely planned—with another youth of similar inclinations—to steal the plane and fly it to Tucson.

It appeared that McCall had been in a hurry to leave Town because of some expected trouble over the passing of a bundle of phoney cheques. In Tucson he had hoped either to sell the plane to some revolution-minded South Americans or use it to convey back to the States a fortune in buried gold, Indian beads and so on. The latter, the naive Tucson youth believed, was just waiting to be picked up by anyone with enough incentive to get it. For that afternoon had chirped a pot of gold, Erin McCall had killed another and had himself died.

McCall and his partner had been responsible for the attempted stealing of the plane from the Berliner airfield a week before. The girl had accompanied them on the expedition. Had they managed to get the plane out and get it in the air, Tucson-bound, she was to return the car, which McCall had borrowed from his parents.

"Erin said that if they made the

first trip successfully to Tucson, he would come back and take me there too," the teen-age thrill-seeker told the police. "But I don't think he really meant it."

She looked up at the unkind-faced officers grouped round her. "Erin was always making wild statements," she said. "He was very nervous and mad about adventure. When he talked, his eyes would blare in a crazy way."

The girl buried her head in her hands. Sobs shook her slim, willowy figure. "It's horrible," she wept. "To think he's dead. I can't bear it."

Too upset for further questioning, the female member of the dangerous trio was allowed to go home.

In the police view the case now presented a different aspect. It had resolved itself, not as the work of a smuggling gang, but the tragic result of youthful folly.

A squad car went out to pick up the third youngster involved—a 10-year-old boy, stocky, calm and confident. He had been named by the girl as McCall's prospective partner.

He eyed the police warily as the interrogation began. Then he jumped to the offensive by admitting that he owned the gun. McCall had used his gun. His explanation was that McCall had stolen it from his room.

Even knowledge of the plan to steal the airplane was denied by the youth. He would not admit he had been the figure in the car with the blonde, who expected to meet the plane on the emergency field. He denied it had, when he saw the blood on the fuselage and the remarkable crash that was com-



"Can you wait ten minutes till I pack?"

Photograph by
KODAK HICKORY



A night in a prison cell sobered up the self-possessed youth. The following morning he agreed to tell the truth.

McCall had had six hours flying time to his credit and was confident he could get them to Yucatan, once they obtained a plane. A course had been plotted on the hand-made map to cross the Gulf of Mexico in five hours.

To get possession of the plane, Erin McCall had asked Bill Williams to let him go up for special solo practice. Once he got away in the plane, he was to high-tail it to the emergency field at San Benito, where his partner was to meet him. They hoped to steal enough petrol from the stock tanks on the field and then set off for the "big money" to be made in Yucatan.

When Pilot Williams refused to let Erin McCall take up his plane solo, the conspirators thought up an alternative plan. Williams was to be tricked into landing on the emergency field. It was expected to be disastrous—except for McCall's waiting partner. Together they were to overpower the pilot, leave him trussed up in the petrol dump and dispose with the plane.

"Part of Williams showed the youth right," explained the youth's confidante. "McCall meant to kill him. Then we were going to tie the corpse to the wing of the ship. With McCall at the controls, we meant to fly out over the Gulf."

"Then we planned to roll the ship, so that the knots which held Williams' body bound to the wing would become loosened. The dead man would fall into the water. We knew the sharks would eat the body, so there wouldn't be any evidence."

Actually, when the plot was set in motion, Nelson, not Bill Williams sat at the controls. But one victim was as good as any other to Erin McCall. Following the plan, on some pretext he had got Nelson to land at the emergency field.

Then two things had gone wrong for the scheming air bandit. The first was the appearance of the controller as a witness to any fancy business. The second was the non-appearance of his partner, who was late in arriving.

McCall could not keep Nelson on the field, and the pair had become separated again. A few minutes later, as they circled above, some savages had repelled the youth to pull out the revolver and get a bullet into the brain of the man in front.

Then followed the spraying of the dead man's blood to bring disaster to his murderer. The glass had cracked up. The late-arriving partner saw what had happened and had made himself scarce. Erin McCall had climbed out of the plane and looked around. He saw his handiwork in the dead body lying in the cockpit. He saw people running from all directions to the scene. He suddenly realized the enormity of his crime—and that there could be no turning back. He held the revolver to his ear and fired. Then the murderer of the skyway paid a penalty of his own choosing.

Police never found the true owner of the pocket watch chinked in McCall's belt. Nor did they ever discover the significance of it to McCall. His former partner might have explained it, but he was no longer around to do so. He received a prison sentence of eight years for his part in the Texas air-borne killing.

Pointers to better health

SURGERY FOR THE ELDERLY

There should be no hesitancy to do surgery on older persons if it can relieve discomfort and disability, say two New York doctors, who have recently completed a survey. In one report on 304 patients, the average age was 76 years. The mortality rate was only eight per cent. In a second report on 43 persons, whose average age was 78.4, only one per cent died. The two doctors, Drs. John D. Stuart and Guy G. Atiles, state that problems of surgery for older people following operations differ only in degree from younger patients. The margin of safety is less and sharper attention to detail is necessary.

CORTISONE AND PREGNANCY

Fear that cortisone given to a pregnant woman for arthritis or a related condition might interfere with the unborn child or cause the woman to lose it, is dispelled by the studies of Dr. Edwin J. De Costa of Northwestern University, America. The fear was based on animal studies which showed that cortisone interfered with pregnancy, conception or early embryonic development. When given during pregnancy it brought about the loss of the child and caused stillbirths. However, when the drug was given to

lupus, there was no occurrence of these consequences.

TRANSPLANTED KIDNEY

A transplanted kidney that survived for five months before the patient died of another cause has been reported by the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston. The patient was a doctor, incurably ill with kidney disease. He received a kidney from a donor who had recently died of heart failure, caused by high blood pressure. The condition and operation of the transplanted kidney was still good. It is believed to be the longest period of survival on record and brought the expression of hope that the transplant problem is nearing a solution. The transplanted kidney, which was placed in the thigh, was able to excrete more than a quart of fluid daily and kept the patient in reasonably good chemical balance.

ANTI-T.B.

The day is nearing when T.B. medicine will not be needed, says Dr. Edward B. Levine of Chicago. He says the disease is being treated with increasing frequency in the doctor's office and the patient's home. Introduction of new drugs in recent years has made this possible.



DOUBLE CHARM

When it comes to beauty there isn't too much of a good thing. The night club waitresses of the El Rancho Vegas Hotel, Las Vegas, get a double dose of talent and charm when the South natives appear. This act is about bedtime, but even in such attire they cannot hide their charms.



Above: The girls' chitlin' partners are Loraine and Suzanne and to keep fit and stay at equal weight, they exercise in the gymnasium. In their acts at the night club they act as their own MCs and do their own sing and dance routines.

Right: Last night's work is over and the girls catch a bit of sun while they relax, ready for the shows to come. They smoke the same brand of cigarettes — it's the same packet. Formerly featured singers with Eddie Oliver and his band, they now cut records for the Red Shiloh show.



THE MAN WHO MADE

REG WALKER



Puccini charmed the world with his music. He also charmed the ladies with his love.

A KNOCK came on the door of a room in a fashionable hotel in Vienna. The composer, Giacomo Puccini, clad in pyjamas, ran from a chair and opened the door. A beautiful young lady, accompanied by a young lad with a music book, entered the room. The composer was embarrassed, clad as he was, but the young lady assured him that all was well. She said she was an admirer of Puccini's music and she wanted to speak with him.

Puccini excused himself and entered his bedroom to change into

his clothes. When he came back to the sitting room, he found that the boy had gone.

"A mad woman," thought Puccini. But, deciding it was dangerous to stir madness—especially madness in a beautiful woman—he did not call the manager of the hotel.

Since Puccini had become a namesake (but he had become invisible to women). Handbooks, with the romantic nature which abounds in his music, he was the object of most women's romantic nature. No woman was safe from his

MIMI IMMORTAL

charms. Indeed, no woman wanted to be. One left her husband and lived with the composer for 18 years. And when the husband died, she and Puccini made the alliance legal.

Puccini loved his Elvira, but this did not prevent him from enjoying the joys of other loves—and they were many. Elvira did not seem to mind; she knew Puccini was irreverent. It is no wonder that one of his best known arias is "Love and Mimi", because aria means expression.

Music and love went hand in hand with Puccini, but, just as his charm did not mature until he was in his thirties, neither did his music. As a child he hated music, but, coming from a family of musicians, he had to learn. The piano.

There was nothing of the dreary, melancholic moods of Schubert, Mendelssohn and Mozart about Puccini. He was a robust with a sense of humor, and when a boy he played beyond piano.

He played the organ in church when a youth and it often happened, in the middle of a silent hymn, he would improvise a lively dance tune. Once he took the pipes from the organ, in order to buy cigarettes.

After seeing a performance of "Aida", when he was 28, he decided that opera was what he wanted to do most of all. He deserted the church, went to Milan and began studying opera. Like most of his contemporaries, he lived in a squalid attic while he was studying. But unlike many other great composers who remained poor, Puccini reached the heights

he left poverty and tasted success.

Puccini's first opera was "Le Villi", which he entered in a contest. He failed to win a prize. He was 39 at the time and the failure was a bitter disappointment, particularly when his best friend won a similar contest. That friend was Pietro Mascagni and his prize-winning opera was "Cavalleria Rusticana".

But Puccini did not have long to wait. His "Manon Lescaut" brought him international fame. He was not deep morm, nor was there anything melancholic about his anti-entertainment. He regarded himself as an entertainer with his music, rather than being endowed with a noble mission. But his music was a drug which enchanted the world. It still does and he is one of the most popular composers in all musical repertoires.

Puccini died by blood seepage. But his idea of solitude was to sitter with a piano in the corner of a room, while his friends talked, joked and drank in the same room. Like one night in 1920, he was touching the keys of a piano, when suddenly his friends stopped talking; they had heard some beautiful passages emanating from the piano.

"Please keep on talking," said Puccini, "The silence irritates me."

So the laughter continued. Then suddenly Puccini announced, "It is finished. Gentlemen, I would like to introduce you to Mimi. She is a little girl who sells her body for fine clothes and a carriage. But she is immortal, for she loves with a heart that can break."

He played the death scene which he had just composed, and after he finished, amid emotion, one of

he between said, "You, too, will become immortal."

"What is the name of this opera?" asked one.

"The name of this opera," answered Puccini, "is *"La Bohème"*." Everyone has heard *"La Bohème"* with its sad story and beautiful music. It was an opera which would be a memory to any composer. But Puccini did not stop with this success. He followed with *"Tosca"*, *"Giulio Cesare"*, *"Turandot"*, *"Madame Butterfly"*, *"The Girl of the Golden West"*, and others and each gained him more admirers.

The Italian audiences differed from the German, who, under the influence of the great Wagner, treated opera as a serious drama. The Italians regarded the music as the thing, with the story incidental, and if they liked an aria, they would call for the overture in the middle of the acting. It was not unusual for the audience to call the actors thirty or forty times to the footlights to take bows. Yet, although, when they left the opera house and the influence of the opera had abated a little, they would say the opera stinks *"La Bohème"*! not with such treasured Consideration by Arturo Toscanini, who retired last year at over 80 years of age, it met with terrific applause at the opening, but was despised afterwards.

But audiences continued to see *"Bohème"* and have acclaimed it as masterpiece.

During a rehearsal of *"Bohème"*, Puccini told a friend just as he had to return against his will, to a dinner where they sang the role of Rudolph very poorly. The dinner was Horatio Caruso, who came to be regarded as the best Rudolph since *"Bohème"* came from Puccini's brain to manuscript.

World opinion never went to Puccini's head. "People love my

stage," he said, "but, compared with Wagner, I am only a cross-doll player."

When Puccini heard Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" he exclaimed: "This terrible music reduces me to astrophysic." He knew his music appealed to the heart, not the brain. Indeed, it has been said that Puccini's music should not be sung with the throat only, but with the heart.

Another time, when discussing Wagner, Puccini said: "The music is the language of the gods. My music is the language of human beings—weak human beings. I do not understand the music of Wagner in Wagnerian characters, but I know the song of Little Mimi. It pierces my heart."

In 1908 Puccini began the score of *"Madame Butterfly"*, a sad story which has entered all languages. The locale is Japan. The American Fleet arrives in Japan and a Lieutenant Pinkerton courts Butterfly, a Japanese girl. He marries her and she has a child. But he leaves Japan before that, not knowing she is pregnant. He has no intention of returning. He has a wife in America, but Butterfly, who loves him, continually hopes for his return. Then, one day, she is told that he will not come back and she sings the tragic aria "Death With Honour", one of the most beautiful and poignant arias from all operas, then commits suicide. A few minutes later Pinkerton arrives to claim her.

At the first hearing of *"Butterfly"* the audience stood and kissed Puccini, while with anger, stood in the wings, defaced. "Leader, you beast," he shouted. "Break, pull at me, but you will find I am right. It is my finest opera, it is the greatest I have ever written."

Puccini revised *"Butterfly"* and

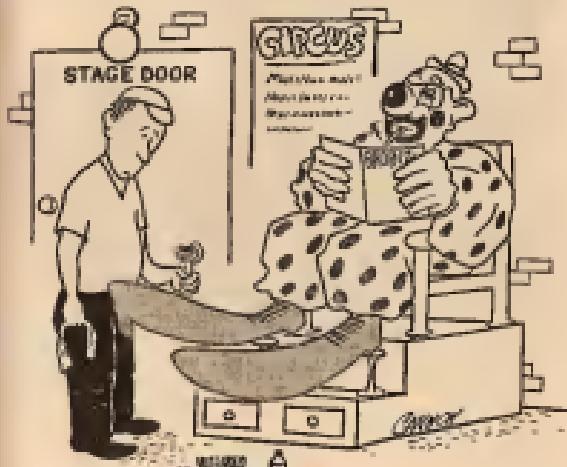
presented it again. It sold with success and has since echoed around the world. Of all operas, it is perhaps the most popular.

In his 55th year he began work on *"Turandot"*, which has a Chinese setting. He did not complete it. He developed a throat cancer. Radiation treatment was commenced and it was successful. Puccini returned happily to *"Turandot"*, but died suddenly of a heart attack. That was in 1924 and *"Turandot"* was finished by another composer. It, like many of Puccini's other operas, is included in the repertoire of all opera companies.

Puccini composed 11 operas—*"La Villi"*, *"Edgar"*, *"Mimì"*, *"Leontine"*, *"La Bohème"*, *"Tosca"*, *"Madame Butterfly"*, *"The Girl of the Golden West"*, *"The Swallow"*.

"The Cloister", *"Sister Angelus"*, *"Gianni Schicchi"*, and *"Turandot"*. He also composed *"Endless Capriccio"* and two minutes for strings. Five of the first seven operas and the last will always be presented, while concert appearances like *"Oh, My Beloved Daddy"*, from *"Gianni Schicchi"*, are their repertoires.

Any one who listens to the beautiful haunting music of Puccini, instead with the heart, just as it is presented with the heart. It is romantic music—the type of music which accompanies dreams—the type that was written for sleeping. For Puccini was a romantic. For him two things went together: two things which he visualised in his art: *"Love and Music"*.





"Right there in the front row. Good heavens, is he going around with her again?"

MEN DEFIED DEATH

TWENTY-EIGHT men stood on the surface of a bare mass of pack ice in the Antarctic sea. Before their eyes they saw their ship, wedged a helpless prisoner in the ice, break up like a matchbox between shifting, crashing floes.

They looked fearfully at each other as great splinters of ice went through the sharp timbers like pins through paper. They heard the rush of triumphant water as it poured in to swallow the vessel.

The men were left marooned on the sea. They were 1880 miles from the nearest settlement. They scoured

doomed to slow death, tortured by blizzards, below-zero temperatures, privation and starvation.

Eleven months later, the 28 men returned from the green. Every one survived and stepped ashore at Valparaiso from a small Chilean steamer.

For their shooting of death, the rescued men had to thank one of the most courageous, resourceful and determined figures of modern exploration, Sir Ernest Shackleton. He was their leader. He had taken them to the Antarctic. He knew it was his responsibility to get them out, and that is what he did—without the loss of a single life.



Adrift on an ice disc, tortured by blizzards, sub-zero temperatures and starvation, these 28 men survived, due to their leader.

—in one of the most ages of all
expedition sagas.

His expedition left England just
before the outbreak of World War I in a sturdy new ship, the *Endurance*. All went well until January 30, 1915, when they unexpectedly ran into solid, un-
yielding ice on the edge of
Antarctica, well south of Cape Horn.

The ship was wedged tight. All
efforts to extricate it were useless. Rapidly it became frozen in as
solid as a glacier set in concrete.

For a while Shackleton was un-
perturbed. He made exploratory
trips across the ice and mapped
some 200 miles of Antarctic ice-
shelf.

Months passed. Still there was
no alarm. Then suddenly, at four
o'clock in the afternoon of Wed-
nesday, October 27, the ice ex-
panded and crushed the *Endurance*
like a nut.

They managed to get three small
open boats and some provisions—
estimated to last 80 days—off the
ship and on to the ice before the
funda disintegrated. With them
the 20 men set down and waited.

Three hundred and fifty miles
away was an uninhabited island
known as Paulet Island. On it
was a but regularly provisioned by
the Argentine Government. To
reach it over the ice, however, was
impossible. The surface was not flat
and solid. It was broken by lakes
of slush, precipitous cliffs of ice,
treacherous valleys, constantly
changing form under the enormous
pressure of winds, tides and cur-
rents.

Shackleton did attempt to set
out over-ice for Paulet Island. He
covered only seven miles in seven
days and had to return to the
solid floe on which the expedition
was stranded.

They waited there for 16 months,
all the while slowly drifting north-
ward with the pack. Provisions
were rapidly rationed. They were
fed out with a few penguins and
seals. When they were scarce they
had to resort to the dogs brought
with the expedition.

As the drifting ice pack came
into the warmer northern latitudes,
it began to disintegrate. Shackleton
estimated that their only hope
of a landfall was a bleak, inhospitable
island of rock called
Elephant Island, only 100 miles
away.

They had to wait for the ice
to melt before they could make
their way there in the boats. In-
evitably they set on the ice, watching
the floe beneath them grow smaller. A constant watch
had to be kept as great slabs of
ice broke away. Often men were
thrown into the water as their
footholds vanished.

Eventually, in mid-April, 1916,
Sir Ernest Shackleton decided that
the surrounding water was navigable
in the boats. As the 20 men
launched their frail craft and
pushed off, they were almost
devoured by the din of grinding,
crushing ice floes around them.

The run to Elephant Island took
the days. It was a nightmare as
they pulled at the oars through
howling wind and spray which
froze painfully to their bodies
bundled together, trying to sleep
and rub a little warmth into their
bodies. All the while, popped, drifting
ice had to be dodged and
leaped off, before it drove holes in
the thin timbers on which their
lives depended.

Elephant Island, when they
reached there, provided no answer
to the problems of survival crews.
No one had ever landed there
—and it was unlikely that anyone

else ever would, so their chances
of being found were remote. How-
ever the mind was a better refuge
than the ice they had left. It was
only a rock, but this shelter was
found under its icy cliff. A per-
petual rocky promontory feed and
fuel.

Shackleton accepted the responsi-
bility of getting help. Eight
hundred and sixty miles away was
another island, South Georgia. On
it was a whaling station—and that
meant ships which could be used
to pick up the stranded men on
Elephant Island.

So began an open-boat voyage
without parallel in the annals of
the sea. It is unique not because of
the distance—800 miles—but be-
cause it was made through sea
and storms unequalled anywhere
in the world.

Shackleton selected Frank
Worsley, captain of the *Endurance*,
to accompany him as navigator.
Four other men made up the com-
plement of the *James Caird*—the 22-
foot whaleboat chosen for the
journey.

A rough covering was rigged up
with a bolt of canvas—after it had
been shaved out over carefully-
tended fire of penguin blubber.
Boards were stacked aboard as
hail. Snow for a month at near
starvation diet went under the canvas.
The six men lost their voices.
The *James Caird* pushed off on its
epic rescue mission.

Frank Worsley's instruments for
his task of navigation were pri-
marily maps. For the 16 days the
voyage took, he had to depend
mainly on dead reckoning. Only occa-
sionally did the sun appear to
enable him to take a sight.

The six men had sleeping bags,
but they were filled with water two
minutes after leaving Elephant
Island. They crawled saturated

SHE WAS AN INDIAN'S MAID

Did you hear the old tale
of the Devil?
She wedded an Indian, name
of Straight Knob;
Triple crossed—and what
do you think?
There was one red, one white
and one pink!

—AN-EM-

for the next 16 days. Their bodies
were chilled to the bone by the
hating winds and the sea which
broke over them on an average of
18 times an hour. Hail had to
be carried off continuously.

They slept fitfully on the bulwarks
of *bulldogs*, when sleep exhaustion
closed their eyes as if the lids were
sewn together. Agonizing "ice
blizzards", brought on by the wet,
the cold, and the chafing of their
puffed garments, covered their bodies.
Thirst was another torture.
For the last three days, there was
not a drop of water aboard even
to quench their cracked lips.

They were all but finished when,
at noon on May 1, there loomed up
ahead the welcome black cliffs of
South Georgia. They strained their
eyes for a leading. Nowhere could
they see a break in the menacing
rocks.

The hearts of the six men, which
had surged with hope, sank to
despair as a sudden signal hit the
James Caird like a thunderbolt.
Wind and sea tossed them toward

through the blinding spray like a jumping shillibeg. Incredibly the storm was driving the little boat straight on to the cleaving fingers of the jagged rocks.

Frantically they pulled at the oars with raw blistering hands. For seeming moments the whalers fought the current and the wind that was driving it to destruction. Then the hard sweep of the oars told, and it pulled away out of the danger zone.

They stood off South Georgia all night. The men grogging the storm-shattered Glimpings, a tiny boat. Shackleton brought the James Cawd to a sailing lead.

As a leader, Sir Ernest Shackleton was strong on courage and fortitude—but his luck was woeful. The six men climbed up on the rocky beach and looked around. All was desolation. They picked up a landmark or two, consulted their charts and found they were on the wrong side of the island.

The whaling station was 17 miles away. In between were three lofty mountain ranges. Even well equipped and experienced mountaineers who have attempted to scale the ranges of South Georgia have failed.

Shackleton and his men took shelter in a cave for a couple of days and built up strength with cooked albatross chickens plucked from nests on the cliffs. Then it was decided that Shackleton, with two compasses, would make a dash over the mountains to the whaling station for help.

They left at three o'clock in the morning and began to ascend the cliff, slanting the incline. By moonlight, they descended crevasses down which a steep ascent a plunge to death. At dawn, they had climbed 2000 feet, and they saw what lay ahead of them. It has been de-

scribed as "a fantastic jumble of rugged peaks, gullies, snowfields, cliffs and crevasses".

Shackleton and his two comrades made that nightmare crossing in 30 hours. For men who had just spent 18 days battered by the sea in an open boat, it was an almost superhuman diet of endurance.

They were nearly at breaking point when they heard the whine of a whaling steamer. They struggled forward and saw the settlement far below. Only one more cliff lay between them. This time they had to descend—an operation that included sliding on a rope down a waterfall, with freezing water drenching them to the skin and numbing them to the bone.

Shackleton made the descent, sent for three men waiting on the other side of the island, and immediately began preparations to rescue the strays on Elephant Island. It was a task that was to provide almost as much difficulty as he had experienced in getting to South Georgia. Four times did he fail to reach Elephant Rock before he was able to get through the ice surrounding it and make a landing on August 16.

When he was finally reunited with his shipmates, he found them all alive but reduced to a near-starvation diet of lumps and seaweed.

Shackleton himself lived to return to England and organize his fourth expedition to the vast white wastelands of Antarctica. He arrived off the whaling settlement of the Island of South Georgia in January, 1922.

There he died of a sudden heart attack. He was buried, mysteriously, beneath a screen of stones on the lonely island that was the scene of one of his most notable exploring adventures.

HE COURTED THE REAPER

RAY BAYNE

DEATH. At his residence, 284 West 76th Street, New York City, Joseph Brown Elwell, suddenly, June 11, 1939.

Death comes are traditionally uneventful, uninformative. To the information above might be added much more, much that was uncovered by the subsequent police investigation. Yet further information might have been given to the world—but for two people—Joseph Brown Elwell and Edward Swann, Detroit Attorney.

Joe Elwell was well known in the top drawer of New York society as a big vivacious, large-scale playboy, and expert bridge player. He owned the house on

West 76th Street, five acres, a yacht at Palm Beach, twenty thoroughbred racehorses—and the alliance of scores of pretty women—both married and unmarried.

He started out with very little but a quick brain. His family lived in New Jersey, and were middle-class people not over-blessed with money. Young Joe took a job with a hardware firm where he worked well but not spectacularly. In his spare time he played a good club and learned to play bridge very well. During his lifetime—he was 64 when he died—he wrote 11 books on the game, and was esteemed as one of the best players in the United States.



Was Joseph Elwell a suicide? Perhaps he was a murder victim? Any one of scores of enraged husbands may have killed him.

He had the foundations of his fortune by playing bridge—and winning. Gumprecht declared that he played the game with scrupulous fairness, but with a system and resource that were hard to beat.

But Joseph Elwell was a long way down a bridge table when he died. To be exact, he was in a small room near the front of his house, and he had just begun to read his mail. One of his servants—a Mrs. Larson—was faced with the sight of her beloved employer sitting in a chair, his breath coming shortlessly, blood bubbling from his nose.

She raced out into the street and called a policeman, Harry Singer. Singer noticed a bullet hole in Elwell's forehead and called an ambulance. Joseph Elwell was taken to a nearby hospital where he died about two hours later.

In the Elwell house police found an empty 45 caliber shell which had been fired from a Colt automatic. This was embedded in the plaster of the wall. Letters inside Elwell on the table were unopened, except one which contained a routine report from the manager of Joseph Elwell's racing stable. A cigarette on the mantelpiece was of a certain brand, and had been smoked from the wrong end. (Elwell had always smoked specially-made jobs.)

The police interrogated Elwell's servants. His chauffeur, in particular, told an interesting story. Yes, Mr. Elwell had had some odd little ways. For instance, he would often go riding in his car at night. Then he would pull the car to stop, and he would open the door for a woman to enter. The opulent chauffeur would then pull his sleek nose back to West 76th Street, the couple would go inside, and the

chauffeur would put the car away. No, sirrups were never mentioned, but the chauffeur had the idea that quite a number of the women were married.

He grinned a little more as he told how Elwell liked to go driving slowly through the streets with his eyes wide open for attractive women. When he spotted one, he would tell the chauffeur to stop the car, and would right to try the old gag—“ Haven't I met you some place before?” Elwell usually mentioned Palm Beach.

If the woman acted roughly, the big car would glide on. The chauffeur's grin widened still more as he said: “ You'd be surprised to know how many dames weren't elated at all.”

In addition, Joseph Elwell was said by the servants to have given doorknobs to at least half-a-dozen beauties. He also had a wife. Not unusually she had gone for a legal separation and got it.

The police uttered their groans when they heard such information. Such information substantially widened the circle of suspects. The retentive chamber of Joseph Elwell substantially cut them off from easy access to the circle of suspects. He had kept no diaries, written no memorandum letters.

New York society had its theories about the matter, as contained in two rhymes. One ran:

“ Who killed Joe Elwell?
I, said the Barker,
And now I will speak out
I killed Joe Elwell.”

The other went this way:

“ Who killed Joe Elwell?
I, said the lady,
His conduct was shady,
I killed Joe Elwell.”

The police decided that a woman hadn't shot Joe. They also decided that the motive for the crime could

not be robbery, since valuable objects had been left untouched near the body.

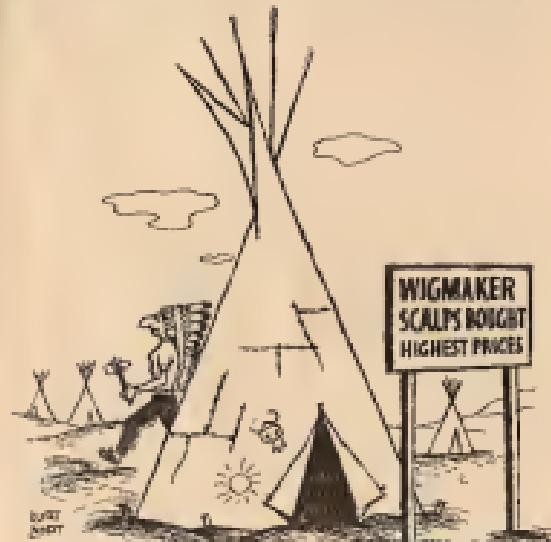
Then a detective came to light with a pack of negligees in a closet in Elwell's bedroom. The lady's initials had been carefully cut off the garment. Another probing bloodhound went to work in the cellar and struck because—a pink silk nightgown, dark robe, and two pink slippers.

After judicious drilling, the cleaning woman who had discovered Elwell's body confessed that she had taken these articles out of the bedroom closet and hidden them.

Why not the negligee? The answer is that she was simple—she hadn't noticed it. Why had she done it? There was a simple, very human answer to that question, too. She had wanted the foul breath of scandal to touch the name of Elwell.

District Attorney Edward Seaman entered the case, bringing with him an assistant who immediately began to press awards with the name of D.A. who was already working on the mystery.

Questions applied to Mrs. Larson yielded a divided She told them that not two hours after Joseph Brown Elwell had been removed



in hospital a woman had come running to the front door and asked if she might get the pink milk摇篮. Mrs. Larson pointed out that the place was crawling with police, and told the woman that she had better take the things. The lady left in a hurry.

The police discovered that her divorce from an ex-husband had been made final the day before. She had been guest of honor at a party in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel to celebrate the divorce. Joseph Ewell had been a member of the party.

By an unpleasant coincidence, the ex-husband had been sitting at the table.

Mr. Swann drew a lot of attention from the press for his return to Anna Viola Kraus, whom he covered under the name of "Miss Wilson".

One newspaper, desirous for dramatic news, declared that Joseph Ewell's former notes-visible partner, a man named Pendleton, was to be arrested at any moment. But it was conclusively proved that Pendleton had been home at the time of the killing. And he hadn't quarreled with Ewell over the stable or anything else. He said that he had been unable to keep pace with Joe, and had quietly cashed out of the partnership. He had always liked and admired Joe, who had treated him in a thoroughly gentlemanly fashion.

Van Schlegell came in for a little attention. He told the police that he had taken his companion home at ten o'clock. Then he took his car to a garage and arranged for it to be repaired, taking delivery of it about ten o'clock the next morning. He had then gone to Atlantic City. The District Attorney's office were unable to pin anything on van Schlegell. The police wouldn't give him a chance. They were used to denunciations or something of the kind while the lawyers had a lot of fun and made sure that no one with a place in Society was asked any nasty questions.

A neighbour of Ewell's said that he heard a noisy car outside No. 244 at about ten o'clock on the morning on which Ewell died. Nobody—police or legal lights—made anything out of this.

An investigation of Ewell's gambling companion brought nothing to light—or, if anything was brought to light, it wasn't released for the benefit of the public. Finally the whole thing began to fade out.

One quite plausible theory is that the killing of Joseph Swann Ewell was done by himself. It would be physically possible.

People who had known Joe Ewell laughed at this theory. It was said that Joe Ewell was just the type of man to go on calmly raising his letters while someone threatened him with a firearm. In any case, what happened to the weapon in question? And how about the strange cigarette-butt on the man's pants?

Supporters of the suicide theory declare that Mrs. Larson might have hidden the revolver and taken it away with her, just as she had hidden the woman's clothing. They declare that the cigarette-butt might have belonged to the millowner who helped the policeman on that morning of June 11.

It might be argued that Joe Ewell had everything to live for. On the other hand, it might be pointed out that his main interest in life was women and, at 44, he might have fancied his career at an end. So he did the obvious thing and made a dramatic exit while at the height of his monetary success. But no satisfactory explanation was ever reached; the case was closed.

C. M. KORNBLUTH

x marks the A-BOMB



I'd been sent to get a war story from the atom bomb tests. But when the man I talked to in my lap, I found I could not tell the story to anyone.

YOU'D be surprised if you knew

what's going on. I was surprised right into District 19—but that's getting ahead of the story. What story? I'm going to write this one down and tear it up, or maybe burn it, because there isn't a paper or magazine in the country that could get away with printing it. They'd be closed and maybe in jail, or maybe in District—several. There I go again.

I could begin at the beginning, but when was the beginning? Was it Los Alamos in New Mexico, was it Oak Ridge, was it the first uranium pile under the University of Chicago football stadium, or was it Hiroshima going up like a match-head?

I'll skip 'em all up to, say, T-2 Day. Let's make it T-2 Day in the New York Daily Bulletin city room. To the handsome young man of forty-five, arguing with the city editor about an expense account. Suddenly everybody goes crazy, the war is over, papers are unengaged, paper goes sailing around the room.

And I hear Arthlein, the cliff writer, murmur gently, "So Arthlein did it . . ." There is a queer, abstracted look on Arthlein's face, like a man waiting for you to pick up his dinner check.

About a week later, in the middle of an interview with the short English novelist in on the Clipper, come the click. Percival was say-

ing, "—nor can one deny the singular ingenuity of the American professional clowns—" and then the click came.

I was standing threateningly over Amherst two minutes later. Amherst was there alone and a spinster in the wind when he broke down and disclosed all the story, as much of it as he knew.

The Allison had been babbling about was, of course, the late Hanish McGregor Allison, PhD, cancer physician, Columbia man, measured by his colleagues as an unusually dashy early 40s. The joke was that Allison wasn't dashy. Amherst had written enough obits and checked enough sources to know a plenty when it turned up. Everything was on paper in the Allison business. There were witnesses who couldn't be located but knew all about it. There was a statement by a doctor who just happened to be unavailable. Nobody seemed to know when and where the funeral had been held. A ghost.

I had to fight for three hours with the city editor to get assigned to the Manhattan Project story. This was when the reporters were finally talked down by the scientists and allowed a few reporters to look at the outside of some of the equipment. I wanted the assignment because of my lead on Allison.

The next day I was on a special train leaving from Penn Station with an MP lieutenant escorting me and The three-car special was full of newspaper men and MP foot-soldiers, except for half of the rear car, which was partitioned off and was supposed to have Eman Formi and his escort of two agents and a sharpshooting master corporal in it.

The windows were painted over and the MP's wouldn't let us reporters of the press talk to each other, so it was one of the lousy

art traps I've ever taken. It lasted fifty-two hours. The train stopped at a siding and we all got out and stretched.

It was a free-handed sort clearing in a second-growth forest of pine and scrub oak. The strongest, tallest were felled I've ever seen ringing about three dozen concrete block buildings of assorted sizes and they were reinforced with more MP foot-soldiers with, alternately, tommy-guns and repeating shotguns loaded for bear.

We were assigned to one-man cabins, each with a cot, a desk, and a typewriter, shower stall, and Modern Conveniences. We would sleep in there, write our stories in there, and be loaded back onto the train in forty-eight hours. We would be guided through the works in parties of eight. There would be no conversation during the tour, or at train, or in the vehicles.

Some character is an officer's uniform but without insignia, an OHB or War Censorship boy, I thought, ushered us MP guards would be stationed in the corridor of our quarters to prevent conversation, ask questions only of the guides; the National Defence Act was still in force, all stories written here would be censored before leaving the place.

"Ever hear of anyone named Hanish McGregor Allison?" I asked an MP.

"Sure," he said.

"Is he at this installation?"

"I know you try to talk to him on the corridor."

"The corridor."

"That's right. How'd you know his name?"

"I was just a guess," I said, my head whirling. "Good night." I tried to go to sleep. Of course I had studied photographs of Allison before coming out here, of

course. It was the same man. So help me, they blew a bugle at six a.m.

We piled into the corridor and saw the MP guards drawn up in stiff attention, looking scared and white. The character was howling them to hell and gone out. He stopped short when we approached.

"You reporters stand out here in the corridor," he ordered. "Your quarters are going to be searched."

I asked him if I could get some clothes.

"No," he said coldly. "You may not." And there was the first room and two MPs began to search. The other MPs watched us nervously, just how nervously I didn't realize until every cabin had been searched and we'd been allowed to dress and form outside.

The character addressed us in the chilly voice of a judge sentencing a felon. "You rascals," he said, "are in very grave personal danger. One or more of you has stolen—something—from this installation and hidden it. It shall be entirely within my rights if I put you all under confinement, ship you to Washington, and see that you stand trial. The trial, of course, will be by a military commission, and closed to the press and public, and will probably result in every one of you being shot as surely as if you were German spies."

"Actually, I am sure no danger to the country's security was intended, but the Espionage Act, U.S.C. 31 and 32 amended, does not discriminate between railroader thief and reporter pilfering. I want the guilty person or persons, or anybody having any information, to step out now."

I stepped out. The character stopped me cold and nodded to the rest. "Return to your cubicles,"

he said. "Guard, don't have them alone."

To me he barked sharply. As we walked off two of the soldiers followed. The four of us went to the corner building, and sat down in a bare little office.

"Tell your story," said the man to me.

"Questions first," I said. He started to smile and grew bright red, though actually he probably just flushed and sat a little straighter.

"All right," he choked.

"Stop me if I'm wrong," I said. "You wanted constant security in this installation, and this is the first case of disappearance, evidently with the arrival of the reporter. You therefore assume that the reporter, in spite of their guarding, managed the theft. Right?"

"Right," he said grimly.

"Wrong," I said. "The thief is one of your personnel. He's a minor physician who died four years ago, presumably on a tip about the Manhattan Project, and worked his way in as a cook. Up to now I've been assuming he was for the project; I set out that he's against it. I don't know if his angle's sabotage or what, but I know the man. He hasn't even changed his name, which was smarter than I thought on first thought."

"Who is it?" the man yelled.

"What's the hurry?" I asked.

He shot to his feet and took out by the lapels. "You—unbelievable—unbelievable!" he grated. Then he let go and lay down with a sigh. "No," he said. "You just don't understand the importance of it. Just tell me right now, taking my word that there's reason for speed, who the man is."

"I'm a reporter," I said. "I don't owe anything for nothing. What's the hurry?"

"I'll tell you," he said breathily. "You'll be sorry, but I'll tell you." He waved the MPs out. "This place is the bomb depot. Every atomic bomb is delivered here when it's assembled. We get five a month. Even a tank-league physics instructor with the -- the part that was stolen--could -- Oh, and tell me who ate it now?"

"One of the cooks," I said. "Hansie McGregor Allison is his name."

The man tore out of the office without me, waving on the MPs who were waiting outside. He ran for a barracks-like building and I ran behind the three. He yelled for more MPs from the fence patrol, and they streamed after in a ragged wedge.

We charged into the barracks,

neatly labelled "Cook's Quarters". Cooks all around us in various stages of undress were getting off their ovens and babbling. The man strode to the seventh bunk on the left and shook Allison awake.

Two MPs held his arms while another searched him. He found a little, shiny gadget around his neck on a strand. It was quickly passed to the man in the officer's uniform who pocketed it at once.

He sat down on Allison's bunk and said weakly, "Guardroom. Four men in the cell with him. Bring his records to my office."

The MPs left with a silent, burning-eyed Allison. We went back to the bare little office as a dinner arrived by jeep.

We looked over the dossier to-

gather; he seemed to have made up his mind about me--I didn't know then what he had decided on.

He called in two captains and a major who blazed at me and got to work on the dossier, which included a birth certificate--Aberdeen, Scotland, 1905; naturalization papers, Cleveland, Ohio, 1928; marriage license, Cleveland, 1933; affidavits of restaurant owners in Cleveland, Dayton, and Columbus, 1938, 1939, and 1940; license of his own restaurant, "Knot's Hamburger Spot," Columbus, 1942; Death certificate of his wife.

The three officers studied the stuff for ten minutes in total silence. Finally one of the captains said, "Dog."

The major gave him a look and the other captain promptly said, "Knot Film--gram, grammar, punctuation, margins, thoroughness--it's Knot!"

"Yes," said the major. "It's Knot. Who let this through?"

"Lieutenant Gilbert," said one of the captains, looking at the dossier's jacket. "He's been discharged."

"A pity," said the major. His face streaked as if they were wringing something, and the three left.

"I suppose I should thank you," said the man in the officer's uniform. "Indeed--"

An MP knocked and came in. "He's talking, sir," he said. We raced out and piled into the soldiers' jeep.

It took us to the guardhouse where Allison was sitting with his head in his hands, babbling and babbling at the floor. He didn't seem to care whether anybody heard or not. He said over and over that he'd talked somebody named California, that it was the Fatherland he'd faded--

After an hour's babbling we got five minutes worth of sense out of

it. Allison was a Scotch republican. He was as ready to commit murder for the freedom of Scotland as the Sinn Feiners had been for Ireland. Like the Sinn Feiners in the last war Allison had been approached by German agents in this one. They'd arranged everything -- his faked death, his faked record of employment. He was totally unable to see the right and wrong of the war. The Germans were, he thought, for Scotland's freedom so he was for the Germans. He was going to blow up London, he was, and he was going to blow up Manchester if the English didn't give Scotland its independence.

The man in the officer's uniform took down some names and addresses and did some long-distance phoning. I was mentioned in one of the calls. Like this:

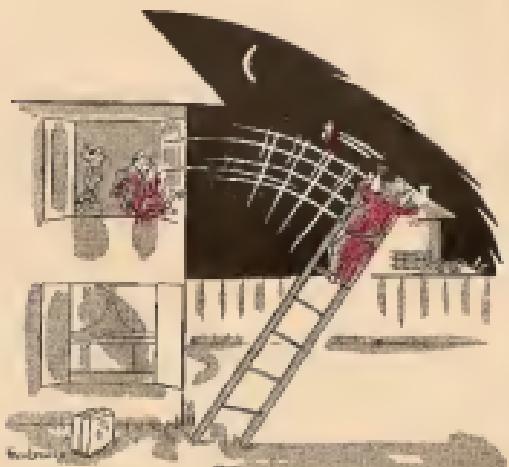
"What'll we do about the reporter, General?"

"Yes, sir. Seventeen? We could shoot him . . . yes, yes." Click.

It was 10:30 a.m. By 11:30 the reporters had been told to keep their mouths shut and were packed into the train.

By noon I was on the plane that took me to an island under three guards. From there I went to my present location, a rocky little island well off the Atlantic coast. They do something or other here with an ocean liner; I don't know just what. I'm the skipper. I keep this for everybody in District Seventeen except myself, because I haven't got anyone but him.

The guards have been informed that I get shot if I try to leave; otherwise I have the run of the place. All I'm living for is the hope that someday the United Nations will get the atomic bomb and I'll get out of District Seventeen. Maybe I won't burn this story. Maybe I'll keep it all then.



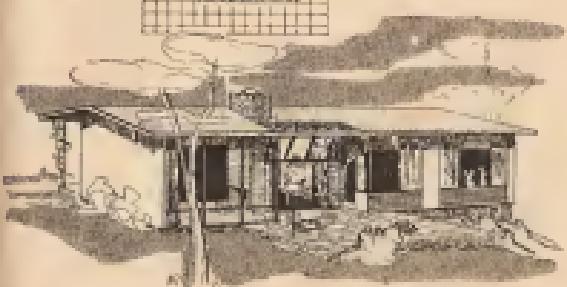
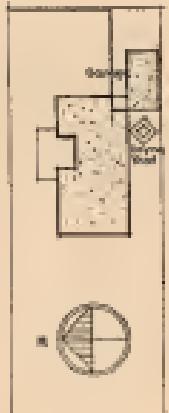
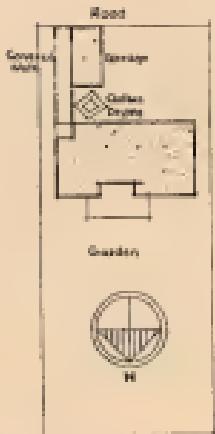
"Father, PLEASE!"

Cavalcade HOME

of the month No. 11

This small home is designed for a nearly flat piece of land with—preferably—north at the rear. The extensive glass area would be unsuitable on any but the north side where it receives winter sunshine but is sheltered by the wide roof overhang from the more vertical rays of the summer sun. So that the back may be enjoyed as a garden and recreation area both the front and kitchen entrances are placed on the same front porch. The two

site plans show how the front drying area may be screened from the road. If no garage is to be built a screening fence, stone wall or trellis could be similarly used. The main entrance leads from the covered porch through a tiny coat hanging space into the living room which is L-shaped and divided into a dining and living section by the two-way fireplace. The out-door recreation area is accessible from both sections of the living room and from



one of the bedrooms. Two of the bedrooms are fairly large, the third one only just big enough for one person. All three bedrooms have built-in wardrobes, a dressing table is built into the bath, and a large linen press into the hall. For economy in the plumbing construction, bathroom, kitchen and laundry are grouped

together. Kitchen and dining area are shown to be subdivided by a counter only, but a wall could be used instead. Materials are weatherboard or asbestos-cement on a stone or brick base with a corrugated fibro roof. Windows are fixed glass between timber posts with ventilation louvres or hoppers under.



CURSE

When Matilda Thiborne lay dying in the 13th century in Almsted, England, she placed a curse on the Thiborne family of the relatives of her husband. She stated that, unless the Thiborne of future generations, as well as the one living, gave a gift of flour to the villagers each year on March 29, the family line and name would die during a generation producing only daughters. The dole of flour has been given every year since, with the exception of the years, 1798 to 1801, when the first Thiborne tried to stop the custom because the father of seven daughters. This restored his respect for the old lady's curse and he returned the gift.

MOST POPULAR PLAY

The most popular play presented by the rural dramatic clubs of the U.S. during the past generation has been Aaron Stark of Pugkin Creek. Although few professional actors have ever heard of the successful amateur comedy, it has been staged many times in more than 22,000 villages and has been seen by at least 10 million people.

OUR LANGUAGE

Basic English has a vocabulary

of only 800 words, says the National Geographical Society. It contains 600 nouns, 180 adjectives and 120 "operative" words, the operative including a limited number of all-purpose verbs that do duty for the thousands of more varied verbs of normal speech.

WARDROBE DRINKER

An outstanding attraction of London's Imperial War Museum is the 1890s war a small kitchen cabinet from Le Cateau, France. For four years during World War I, a British soldier hid in this cupboard and was secretly fed and guarded by the woman of the house, which was overrun by the Germans. So the Englishman had to stay constantly in his hiding place, except for a few minutes each night when it was safe for him to emerge to eat and stretch his legs.

BIG BANG

A neutron, these minute of particles which are used to bring nuclear fission in the explosion of an atom bomb, weighs four times a millionth of a billionth of a billionth of a pound. Yet these neutrons travel at a speed of 18,000 miles per second. And, judging by the big bangs of atom bombs, the neutrons do a good job.

HE SAVED MILLIONS OF LIVES

RITA M. HOGAN



The removal of foreign bodies from street and home is easy these days, due mostly to the work of Dr. Chesser Jackson.

THIS nervous little boy looked up at the weary, bearded, kindly-faced old doctor before him and weakly tried to return his weak smile of encouragement. Only three years old, and all the way from Melbourne, Australia, he had been rushed to this Philadelphia hospital by his frantic parents, and he was still not too sure what it was all about.

He felt better, however, as this man in the long white coat talked to him of the test he had swallowed and how he was going to get it back from his tummy for him to look at.

Two months later, there it was. Wide-eyed, the child wondered at the reason for the fix. He did not know that in these two short minutes, with an instrument that had been slipped painlessly into his mouth, and then, with master skill, into his lung, the old man, Dr. Chesser Jackson, had saved his life, as he had thousands of others.

The instrument was called a bronchoscope. With it, Dr. Jackson, the inventor, had been able to pass tiny forceps down a tube, not much thicker than a straw, and grasp the screw. Taking infinite care not to harm the tender tissue of the baby body, he had removed it.

From the beginning of time, countless children have died through swallowed nails, buttons, pins, bones, coins, or some other

foreign object. Now, through the genius of Dr. Chevalier Jackson, they can be saved, as that McBrearty boy was in 1899.

Now 60 and living in retirement in Philadelphia, Dr. Jackson is recognized as one of the great pioneers of modern medicine. More than any other, he was responsible for the development of personal endoscopy, examination of the interior of the human body—the throat, the lungs, even the stomach—through the mouth. Once the only path to these organs was by dangerous surgery. Now, with the methods and instruments of Chevalier Jackson, it is a different story.

In addition to removing foreign objects lodged in the body, he showed doctors, who pilgrimage to his clinic from all over the world, how they could visually examine—for diagnosis and treatment—internal tissues, ulcers, tuberculosis lesions and other conditions previously inaccessible.

Born in a Pittsburgh slum in 1868, Chevalier Jackson grew into a frail, pale youth, obsessed with the poverty and sickness he saw around him. With brilliant talent for art, he set about earning money before he left school by painting chinaware and lampshades. But his real interest was elsewhere.

He was toiling 18 hours a day, but only to earn enough to enter university and medical school. Chevalier Jackson never wanted to be anything but a doctor. For four years at the University of Pennsylvania, and two years at the Jefferson Medical School in Philadelphia, he kept himself by working long hours at art in the evenings.

He graduated in 1890, and went back to Pittsburgh to practice among the ailing poor he had known since childhood.

But it once he noticed something that caused him to change his plans. It was apparent that, more than another general practitioner, the children needed a specialist to operate on the diseased tonsils from which practically every second child suffered.

In 1895 such an operation was almost unheard of in America. Few doctors were convinced of its necessity. In addition, young Dr. Chevalier Jackson, fresh from medical school, was not yet fully competent to undertake it. He would have to learn more, much more.

Instead of starting practice in Pittsburgh immediately, he decided to go to London. He wanted to study the methods of the great English throat specialist, Sir Morell Mackenzie, rumors of whose work in the then almost uncharted field of laryngology were beginning to filter across the Atlantic.

But Chevalier Jackson had no money, and there was no prospect of his making much. Desperately, he returned to the painting of chinaware. At the end of a month he had amassed 75 dollars.

Then providentially, an eccentric old bachelor, suffering from a chronic throat condition from which local doctors could give no relief, offered to loan him 50 dollars to help him go to London. If Jackson would attend him free for the rest of his life, Jackson accepted.

Subsisting on bread and cheese in order to stay as long in London as possible, he haunted Morell Mackenzie's surgery. He plagued the older doctor with questions and followed him around like a pupil. Everything he did, from first diagnosis to final surgery, the lanky young American watched and scribbled in a notebook. When Jackson returned home, he copied

topics of every paper and took the specialist had written about the human throat. Unable to buy them, he had laboriously transcribed each one by hand.

Back in Pittsburgh, Dr. Chevalier Jackson set up practice as a throat specialist. There then began a long drawn fight to convince patients, teachers and other doctors of the importance need for tonsil operations for many children. Gradually he made headway. Some doctors began to send children with the ever-present "tonsil throat" to him for specialist treatment.

Very few paid him then. He even had to spend valuable time begging free hospital beds for them. His principal reward, however, was the knowledge that hundreds of poor, suffering little bodies were being restored to health.

With the glebe about small operations Boston—in Pittsburgh at last, Chevalier Jackson turned to the removal of foreign bodies from the food and air passages.

Sleeping and eating in his office in the Pittsburgh slums, he first set to work to build an esophagoscope. crude forms of such an instrument to remove objects from the gullet were already in use. But they were hardly any safer than ordinary surgery through the patient's neck, in which about 80 per cent of the cases died.

After months of experimentation, Chevalier Jackson succeeded in continuing an apparatus which he was certain would do the job. Impatiently he set back to treat the first patient on whom he could use it.

Eventually there came a day when a distraught mother rushed in with a child who had swallowed a dime.

Bravely Chevalier Jackson produced his shiny new esophagoscope.

After a few seconds' manipulation the coin was extracted.

Gradually news of Chevalier Jackson's success with his esophagoscope spread. Increasing numbers of patients started to appear, and also doctors who wished to copy the instrument for their own use.

Jackson had no objection. During his whole career, he has never patented one of the dozen of internal passing and exploratory devices he invented. But he had not realized that others did not have the esophageal skill present in his hands.

Generally, when other doctors tried to use the esophagoscope they had had the instrument makers manufacture for them. They failed to recover the objects, made their patients worse and had to rush them to Pittsburgh for Dr. Jackson's personal attention. As a result, in addition to his own rapidly growing work, Chevalier Jackson had to undertake teaching in the use of the esophagoscope.

One of the most important uses of the esophagoscope at that time was in overcome difficulties of the gullet caused by children swallowing lye or soap. Then in far greater use than now, for homemade soap-making these chemicals caused many such accidents. To Chevalier Jackson's clinic were brought hundreds of convulsed children. They were generally half-dead, through inability to swallow food or water because of the structure of the gullet.

His first such case came some 20 years ago. A seven-year-old girl was brought to him by two social workers. She had been crying pitifully for water. Her mother, who was dying of pneumonia, was unable to help her. They had given her water, but she could not

swallow it. Each time she took it up, she cracked it open again through her mouth and nose.

Carey Chevalier Jackson put his esophagoscope down between her cracked lips. The glottis was tightly closed, but he managed to dilate a small opening.

The instrument was removed, and the child gulped a glass of water. She wanted it, but was frightened it would again painfully choke her. But, under Dr. Jackson's kindly urging, she took a mouthful and swallowed. Slowly it went down her burning throat, and it did not come up again. Quickly she drank again and again.

"Open," Chevalier Jackson said, "she swelled, pushed away the glass of water, took hold of my other hand and kissed it. No misery could give satisfaction equal to that—the thanks of a grateful child whose swallowing was restored after a week of water starvation."

In 1889, with the esophagoscope perfected, Dr. Jackson turned to the developing of a far more complicated instrument. It is the bronchoscope, designed to reach, not into the trachea tube that is in the esophagus, but into the distance, narrow, breathing lungs.

The eventual building of a practical bronchoscope took him years of patient work. But even then his job was not finished; he had to teach himself, and other medical men from all over the world, how to use it.

Chevalier Jackson began the thousands of experiments on one thousand dogs that he considered were essential before he was skillful enough to insert the bronchoscope into a tender human lung.

Human reaction criticized the use of dogs. But Dr. Jackson took such care that he was able to prove that in not one case did a dog die

of his hands, or even suffer injury. "And," as he pointed out, "through their use, innumerable thousands of human lives have been, and will be, saved."

At last in 1891, came the chance to prove the value of his instrument. A 10-year-old boy, son of wealthy parents, swallowed a small pin, which lodged in his lung. His father took him to a dozen leading surgeons around the country. They shook their heads and prophesied gloomily, "Not a dead boy."

Then one, Professor Chittenden de Costa, considered one of the greatest surgeons of the day, offered a ray of hope. As usual, he said it would be useless to operate. But, he added, "you take him to Dr. Chevalier Jackson in Pittsburgh. I think he can remove that pin with his new bronchoscope, and he won't hurt the boy either."

Dr. Costa was right. The pin was removed without trouble. The birth of the medical world in the bronchoscope and Chevalier Jackson began to grow.

In 1894, he accepted an offer from the University of Philadelphia to move his clinic there. It is still in operation there today, under the direction of his son. Hundreds of doctors flock there yearly, to learn the intricate manipulation of the bronchoscope.

Despite plans to slow down, Chevalier Jackson himself toiled as indefatigably as ever until recently.

"Dr. Jackson," a reporter said to him, in his 80s, "you don't smoke, drink, dice, eat, dance, visit fish, hunt, play golf, cards, or any other game, go to sports matches, play picture theatres or concertos. What do you do with your spare time?"

The old man looked at him then snorted and turned back into his office. "Young fellow," he said, "I have no spare time."

BULLETS WITH BALLOTS

FRAN SMITH

THE OLD MAN shifted the wooden wedges from one side of his mouth to the other, squinted as though he were sightless, a rifle and cartridge belt at his side in the dust. Herring noted with satisfaction, that he had scored a direct hit, he straightened up and said: "Not bad for



Election wars were common in USA and the sole survivor of one here tells of a skirmish in Kansas.

an old-timer, eh? And I'm nimble, you know?"

"Perhaps you're better than most at passing them," I said, "because you've had more practice; you've been around longer."

He crossed his cracked arms a good Old people like you to marvel at their capabilities in their old age—even if it is in such fields as shooting on them. But old George

political and physical, to have their respective towns designated as the county seat. It was for this reason that I tracked him down. I wanted his story. And this is how he told it.

When Governor Martin ordered an election to be held in the autumn of 1888 for the permanent county seat of Gray County and the naming of all county officers,

things began to get hot. If any one went to Cimarron from Ingalls, he got beat up and ordered out of town, and if he put up a scrap he was liable to get shot. The Ingalls people thought differently and placed a large sign at the side of the town saying in bold letters, "Everybody welcome to Ingalls, the future country seat of Gray County".

Two weeks before election day a committee came to Ingalls from Cimarron, carrying a white flag, which was unnecessary, and held a meeting with some of the Ingalls citizens. They wanted a rep from Ingalls to be at their voting place on election day. They said they would send someone to Ingalls from Cimarron. The object was to see that the election was honest and fair according to law.

By my being a large land owner in the county and a booster for Ingalls, I became the host and was selected to go to Cimarron on election day and supervise the voting as rep from Ingalls, as per agreement. When I was ready to leave for Cimarron I had my gun in the dark.

A man said, "George, here is your gun."

"I know," I replied, "but I'm going to a day of snakes and if not armed I may not get shot." The penalty in those days for shooting an unarmed man was hanging.

When I arrived at the voting place I showed them my credentials. They took them up and said, "This isn't. We sent no one to Ingalls, and you are not going to witness our voting."

I tried to argue with them, and very nicely. When I would not leave they took the ballot box and records and went to a building next door, and I went along.

I informed them it was not legal to vote there, and they went back

to the place where the voting would be legal. I went too, but was sure to have someone before and behind me for fear of being shot.

When in the proper voting place Bob McCance said, "George, you lived with us for some time. You are a nice chap, but you must leave this place or you might have a slight accident."

I said, "I'm staying." They all took the ballot box and left for the next building, but I stayed.

Soon I heard something hit the tin roof like a rock. Then I heard the report of a rifle. I looked across the street and up stairs in the building saw two fellows with smoking rifles in their hands in the windows.

They kept up this shooting. I looked for a gun but all I found were the tickets they were going to use for voting.

I grabbed them in my overcoat pockets and was sure they were going to stuff the ballot box regardless of all agreements. I called to them and said, "If you let Jake Sheep go with me to the train, which is now due, I'll go home and you can do your dirty work."

Jake came after me and when we were in front of them I picked Jake's gun from his holster and said, "If you all want Jake to live, just stand where you are and not shoot me in the back, and after I get on the train you can begin your dirty work."

I walked to the station with the gun in Jake's back and all the time I was shaking. Suppose someone let me have it in the back? Maybe they would take a chance on such a shot not allowing me time to pull the trigger of the gun I had aimed at Jake.

I wondered whether, if they did shoot me, the recoil action would pull the trigger of my gun. Per-



especially I did not like the set-up at all, and one thing was for sure — I would not have killed John.

It seemed like miles to the station, but we made it all right and no interference. Then we sat and waited for the train. It seemed to take forever to get there.

When the train pulled in I thought it was miles before it got under way. I handed John his revolvers and said, "John, I was bluffing."

"I know it," he replied.

Soon as the train was out of town I opened a window and let the tickets flutter out along the track and went home to make my report.

When the voting was over the Cameron people polled almost as many votes as there was in the whole county. The election landed in the courts and Leggins won all the counts, and it finally landed in the supreme court of the state. I thought then a good time to go back east and visit my folks. I'd been in so many wrecks that I was sure my kids was not even worth a man's peep.

I'd only been home a short time when I received a message:

Come at once. Important. Bill Tilghman.

Tilghman was acting sheriff as Joe Raymonds was laid up with a bad case of lead poison, common in that country.

When I arrived back in Dodge, Bill Tilghman was at the train and said, "The Supreme Court has decided in the permanent county seat and all the county offices closed. I have deputized you, Billy Adenworth, Fred Singer, Neal Brown, Jim and Tom Masterson, Ed Brooks and we are leaving in the morning for Cameron after the county records."

"That's a hell of a note. Calling me back here to get shot," I

said. I guess I felt a bit weary. "There will be no shooting, as this is the law," he said.

"Law, hell," said I. "They don't know any law. You remember them shooting me out of the election booth. They will fight and I am not scared."

He looked at me a moment, then said, "The wagon will leave here in the morning at nine," and walked away.

I was there to join the gang the next morning, but I was sure none of us would return alive. We all had our instructions and the main one was not to shoot unless in self-defense.

On that fateful morning of January 12, 1900 the wagon pulled up in front of the building where the records were held. Tilghman with two deputies stayed below and the rest went upstairs for the records. The dark pulled a gun, but was discovered by Jim Masterson. He began carrying the records down to the wagon where Tilghman said to me, "Harry there go, as I am sure trouble is coming."

Just then some fellow down by the depot emptied a shotgun in the air and the place soon became alive. The Cameron people were surrounding in the street. All hell broke loose and the shooting began. When I stepped from the building with the last load of books a load of buckshot hit the brick wall just where my head had been, driving brick dust all over me. I threw the records in the wagon and grabbed a Winchester rifle.

Just then Bill pulled to me, "Look out George! See that fellow across the street with a Winchester?"

I looked that way and saw him fall and knew he was out of the fight. There were at least seventy-

five shooting at us from all points and some of the boldest came out in the streets. Bill ordered us to shoot in front of them to hold them back, but nothing could stop them, as they were out to kill, but we is scared they were not doing much damage.

Then a bullet struck the driver of the wagon in the hip, and kicked one of the horses and the team started to run away.

Bill ordered us to fall back towards the surrounding crowd and shoot in front to hold them back. On the way shooting hit me in the leg. I was sure a bullet had struck me. Soon I was hit in the leg again and down I went and was sure my leg was shot off. I sat up and, using the Winchester as a crutch, started on, and then I was hit in the back of the head and down I went again.

I finally got up and hobbled to the back of the canal and huddled in the ditch. I turned the Winchester on Charley Dixon who I saw and pulled the trigger.

The barrel was full of dirt and the damn thing blew up, knocking me back down in the canal.

The next thing I knew was when Tilghman and Brown threw me in the wagon which had stopped nearby.

We now had what we came after, and started towards Dodge. The Cameron people were still following and shooting at us from wagons, some on horses and most of them were on foot, but were careful not to get too close. It was a running fight for a mile or more. We were shooting to keep them back and they were shooting to kill, if possible.

They finally gave up and we stopped to take stock of the wounded.

London, noted for his peaceful ways, was in the grip of one of its deepest ones day during the war when a young Australian soldier disembarked in the mother city. Suddenly he groped his way along the docks looking up at the great banks of balloons which dimly could be discerned hovering over the city, the Digger snarled: "Why don't they cut 'em loose and let the place sink?"

A trick saved a champion's title when he was out on his feet. Three rounds later one punch won the fight for the champ.



A TRICK SAVED HIS TITLE

RAY MITCHELL

THE POLICE INSPECTOR leaned forward to rap the canvas with his baton. The champion was in a bad way and the Inspector's action was a prelude to commanding the referee to stop the fight. But the third man in the ring did not see the Inspector, and he certainly did not hear him, as the Stadium was in uproar. Then the bell sounded to end the round and the Inspector set back to see what would happen in the next round, at the same time keeping a wary eye directed towards the champion's corner.

Between the Inspector's action and the bell, there happened an incident which altered the whole tenor of the fight and changed the result. It was an accident which was born in the minds of two officials and veterans seconds and snared almost as soon as it was born. And the actions of those seconds stayed the hand of the referee, who was about to wave the fighters together. For just two seconds the senior referee hesitated, but those two seconds brought the end of the round to close that the challenger could not capitalize on the situation.

That was not the only anomaly in this fight—the referee was even more anomalous, with a dramatic one-punch knockout by the champion, when he, himself, was out on his feet.

In the history of boxing there have been many fights which have been won by one punch, but none

was ever more dramatic than Kevin Delaney's win over Mickey Tolka. It was December 12, 1959, and Kevin Delaney, who had taken the Australian welterweight championship from a helpless Tommy Hayes on July the same year, in what was Burn's worst performance in a star-studded career of great fights, moved to the ring at Sydney Stadium to defend his title against Mickey Tolka, a good boxer-fighter, who had fought two great battles with Hayes and who had defeated Delaney in a non-title tilt 28 days earlier.

Delaney was not a popular champion, owing to his negative, run-away tactics.

With Mickey's close and good fight against the great Vic Petronek and Tommy Hayes, plus his toroish, willing style of fighting, he was worried Tolka to win. He would be a popular champion.

A large crowd turned up to watch the crowning of a new champion.

Smart Bill Horanberry was the referee. Ambrose Palmer, manager-trainer of Tolka, was Mickey's chief second; Jim Jamison, manager-trainer of Delaney, was the champion's chief second. With Jamison was Jim Harvey, the cornerman who saved Delaney's title.

The fight was a good one—for better than the fans expected—and it developed into the fight of the year. The pace was fast from the opening round, with the champion managing the major points with smart boxing. Tolka warmed up in the second to even the points of the round, and at the end of the third the points of the fight were even.

The fourth round was a thriller, with Tolka concentrating his punches to the head and Delaney working to the body. But from the fifth onward, Mickey

gained the ascendancy. He punished Delaney and Kevin reverted to his run-away style. In the seventh round the crowd jeered Delaney for his run-away tactics and began acclaiming Tolka as the new champion.

Electricity was in the air as the 10th round started. It was as though the crowd expected thrills, maybe it was born from the fact that Delaney was weakening and Tolka was strong and aggressive. But no matter what thrills they expected, the fans could not guess what would happen.

Mickey charged in and batonered Delaney with an array of punches to head and body. Delaney backed-pedaled; Tolka chased him and Delaney actually ran. But Tolka kept on top of the champion, running above everywhere where there were spectators.

Desperately Kevin turned back to face the onslaught; to fight back and maybe force his tormentor to backpedal.

It was his undoing. A left hook sent Delaney sprawling on the canvas. He took a six count; he rose a little dazed and Tolka was on top of him, his gloves spitting dynamite. Mickey used every punch and combination in his kit. Down went Delaney again.

Delaney took a long count, but not because his seconds shouted for him to do so—he had no idea what had been said or what motions his seconds had made. All Kevin knew was what was in his subconscious brain: "Have to get up—have to—have to carry on with the fight." Right! You, that's right! I'm in a fight . . . I'm the champion . . . A champion should go on fighting; he must fight whenever a match will work."

Weakly, Delaney allowed those thoughts to seep through his brain,

gently he put his gloves on the curves and, using what strength he had left, he forced upward, at the same time bringing his legs to take the weight.

Then Johnson and Harvey noted 26 seconds remained to the end of the round when Delaney hit the canvas. That means that 18 seconds remained when he regained his feet—enough time to score a knockout count. Quickly they scrambled on to the apron of the ring, making sure they did not bring disqualification on their fighters by ensuring that squared circle Johnson had a towel in one hand and the stool was raised in for Delaney to sit on. Harvey called in the champion and Kevin moved back to sit down simultaneously Harvey reached forward, making to touch Delaney and guide him to the seat.

Referee Hounsbury noted all the action in a searing glance. He leaped forward, shouting, "Are you throwing in the towel?" and pressed as though to go back and crown Tolls winner by knockout. But Johnson and Harvey shouted back, "No! No! The bell has gone."

The Police Inspector, who had leaped forward to instruct Hounsbury to hit the bell, paused to see what was going on. Hounsbury himself woke to the trick. The whole action had taken only a couple of seconds and the quick-witted Hounsbury did not ask any explanation, but waved the fighters to box on.

But these two seconds had brought the end of the round closer near, the moment had upset Tolls campaign. The bell sounded before any dangerous blows were struck.

Had the seconds actually helped Delaney to his corner, the referee could have disqualified the chal-

lenge, if he had so desired, but although their actions were a help, their bid not actually set the champion on the stool.

Johnson and Harvey said later that they had mistaken the knockdown bell, which tolls off the seconds while a round is in progress, for the bell to end the round. A likely story that was, the knockdown bell has a small, high-pitched peep, the round bell a long and vibrant.

Desperately Delaney's seconds worked over him on the manager's stool, and they sent him out for the tenth, Delaney was still down, but Tolls did not go on for the kill in that round, he appeared to be taking things easy. Perhaps his mental attitude has been upset by the 18th round incident. Although he received punches on Delaney in the ninth and tenth rounds, which he won clearly, his blows seemed to lack sting.

But in the eleventh round, Tolls went into the attack with more verve and Delaney, who had fought in a haze for three rounds, was soon in a bad way. The Police Inspector leaped forward, watching Delaney keenly. Then suddenly Delaney snatched up a punch from down near his knees. It connected with Tolls' jaw and knocked him on to the seat of his pants.

Upstart Ross was Delaney, out on his feet, swaying in the boxers like a tree which needed one more blow from the axe before falling, scoring with a punch which immediately put Tolls on their stool. And Tolls was no queer stool!

Slowly he staggered upright at the count of three and lurched to the ropes, where he propped himself, legs spread wide, while he endeavoured to raise his hands.

Delaney was not sure where Tol-

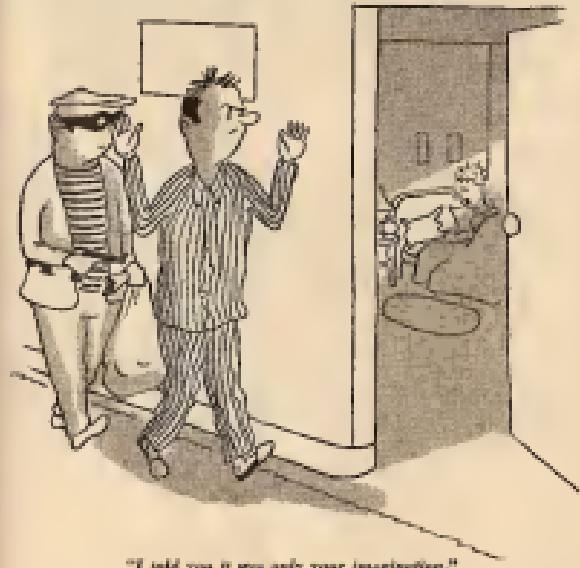
ls was and he turned around slowly, seeking him. Then, sighting him dimly, he came in and raised punches on the defendant's shoulder. Only one punch in three landed and they were hardly laden with dynamite, but Tolls who is in a bad way. The Police Inspector scolded Hounsbury to stop the fight. Tolls did so, pronouncing Delaney winner by knockout.

It was nine months before Tolls got another chance and this time he made no mistake; he knocked out Delaney in 12 rounds. He went on to confront Charlie Williams in one of the most thrilling and brutal fights seen at Sydney Stadium,

he gave us more good fights. And his last fight was against Tommy Burns when Tommy made a comeback in October, 1951. Burns knocked out Tolls in eight rounds.

Delaney? He retired after his E.O. loss to Tolls, but made a comeback in 1958. He was skilful in three bouts by Alfie Sosia, so again went up in gloves.

Delaney was not a popular champion, but he did have one moment of glory and that came in ring history as a classic example of a champion never los crown when on the brink of defeat—scoring it by six devastating punches, and because of the swift thinking of his seconds



"I told you it was only your imagination."

Patterns of Pulchritude

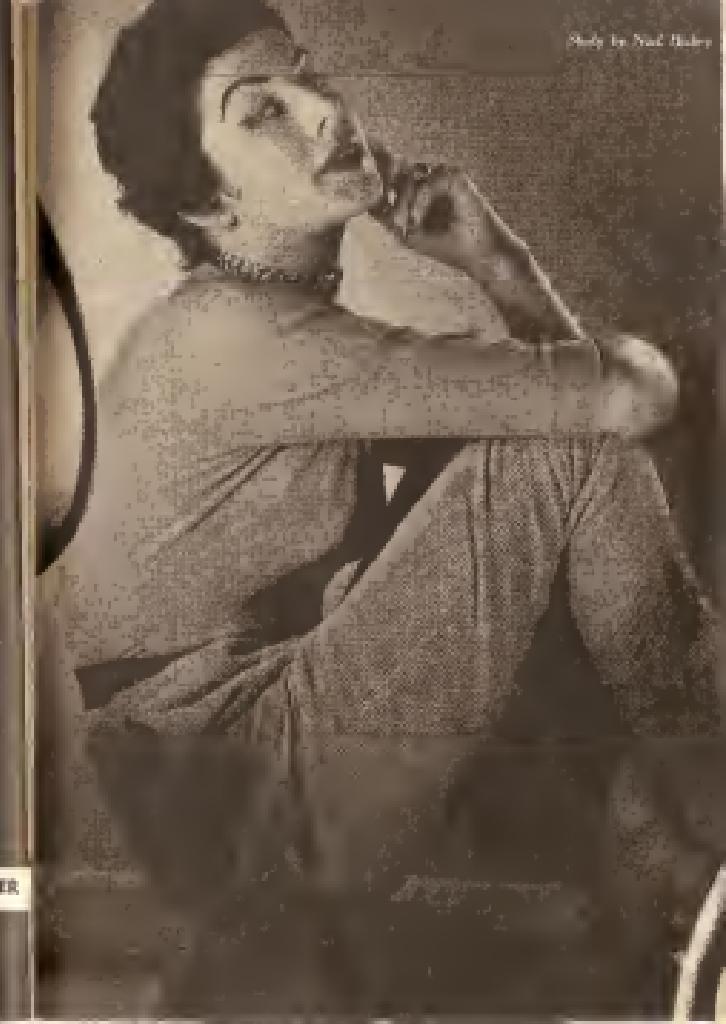
beautiful MARIA LANE



lucky under a ladder!



classical MOIRA SHEARER





IS YOUR SON A GAOLBIRD

* This is a collection of informed opinions; the views expressed are authoritative but are not necessarily those of CAVALCADE — Editor.

BROWNING THOMPSON

IN AN AMERICAN senior grade school, teachers last year reported that they went in fear of their safety, if not their lives.

The threat came from teen-age boys who took physical retaliation for any interference with their "liberty".

The "liberties" these boys sought to preserve were smoking on the school premises, drinking alcohol in class rooms, and putting with girl scholars in the corridors.

An attractive female teacher was propositioned by a male teen-age pupil, and a male teacher who spoke to the boy after she had complained, was beaten about by the boy, a prepossessing physique type.

Attempts to curb this type of behaviour in the school led to male teachers being beaten up both on

and off the school premises, and to school) promises being damaged in an attempt to impugn the school authorities.

The schoolboys became a police nation.

Unhappily this was not a unique instance of the situation which is of world importance today, the situation where the child is the criminal.

The development is widespread, and it is important to view it with complacency in something that happened in America, with the old-time wisdom that everything happens there, anyway.

In New Zealand within recent months there has been a major disturbance because some army teenagers of both sexes, in one organized group, were indulging in a life of depravity which surprised and horrified their more hardened seniors. One police officer said: "I have never seen anything like it in a life devoted to combating vice and crime."

Almost simultaneously another group of organized youths was discovered in Australia, in Adelaide. These teen-age boys and girls ranged in abandoned and depraved practices which were of the most sordid nature.

In Sydney it was discovered that a juvenile group was thoroughly organized with initiation rites and qualifications for which "immorality" was not a strong enough word.

In Sydney repeated acts of physical assault were perpetrated by boys not yet twenty. They were of a various nature, including the knifing about of a returned soldier by hedge-hoppers, an attempted criminal assault on a married woman in a good class residential area, and the robbery of a

helpless old woman in her home.

Teen-age boys were held on par with equal seriousness.

A similar position in Paris certainly exists today—there seems to be some explanation. It is to how it came about. The "naughty" Paris of the popular novel is not an indication of French normal life. Before the war the vibrant French home was a place of strict, healthy, hard work and the strict discipline of children. Boys at the age of eighteen were called for compulsory military training which knockled the innocence out of them and established them as good citizens with a good sense of values. In those days France was the scene of some social strife—but children were not the criminals.

During the war boys of sixteen were forced conscripts for the German army, boys no older voluntarily joined the marines and, at an age when they should have been at school, were trained guerrilla soldiers, hardened to killing.

In these chaotic life their moral code was open, and if they made unclean demands on their girls, and the girls bestowed unclean favours on these boy-men-soldiers, it was in no shadow, every world.

In the immediate post-war, these youths found themselves in a world of shortage and insecurity—and they found security in their leaders, both in their Parliamentary leaders, who were unable to establish a Government, and in leaders of thought like Sorel, who gave them the Existential philosophy that nothing matters except what you're doing at the moment. They went on the drift because they had neither guidance nor leadership.

Similar situations occurred in Britain, where a bewildered, headless-cut generation threw up its child criminals—but there the movement

was very slight, because there was more certainty, more joy at victory, and more organized determination to recover an honoured position in the world.

The German youth was exemplified in a classic post-war novel ("Das Du Würdest" Do You Know Why?), by Dostoev, which traced the results of Nazism.

There was no secret, during the rise of Nazism, about the destruction of moral values. Illegitimacy was abolished as a crime, or as an offence, and in his greed for a generation of supermen-leader Hitler imposed both the illegitimate and the mother who bore it and by so doing encircled men and children

university between the sexes.

The "Strength Through Joy" clubs which were organized for Hitler youth were openly admitted to be depots, the youth bands which grew up through Germany were Hitlerian bands of immoralism, and the outlook of an entire German generation was, from childhood, one of libertinism.

In these places, where the openly immoral practices were encouraged or condoned, some line of demarcation was drawn. There were decent people who organized a solid body of resistance, others who became aware of the dangers took measures to counteract them, and to safeguard their own families.



"... visiting hours are over... visiting hours are over!...
VISITING... VISITING...

But such has been the liberty of American and Australian communities, that every time the wrongful behaviour of a teen-age boy is revealed, it comes as a surprise to the people most intimately concerned. The people really shocked are the complacent parents of the wrongdoers, who have never felt that newspaper reports of similar damage in other places were real, or could apply to them.

There is a corrective institution for teen-age boys where there were none this age, just over 200 here. Each of these boys would have been in gaol but for the fact that he was under eighteen years of age. The youth, and not the nature of his crime, kept him in "school" instead of "gaol", in charge of an "officer", rather than a "warder".

These days were not the days of the drama. On one visiting day, to visit two hundred boys, there were 200 motor cars, and as only members of the family were allowed to visit the boys, it could be taken to mean that 80 per cent. of the boys came from a home that was well enough off to have a car.

This in itself should be one of the most compunctionary-policing facts that could be brought to light. This meant that there was not, generally, the social background of illegitimacy and poverty and want to the delinquency of the boys in that home. Boys whose parents married a good woman did not act because they lived in want.

It would be naive to think that as a result of their early corrective treatment these boys, coming from good homes, would return to the world as reformed characters, but a high percentage of them return to the world to carry on where their arrest interrupted them.

A boy of seventeen in this place was wanted—under the rule that

only relatives could be visitors—by an aunt. The aunt was the kind of relative anybody would like a son-in-law, a lovely looking teenage girl. She took her "brother" for a long walk on the bushland with the avowed purpose of having a talk with him.

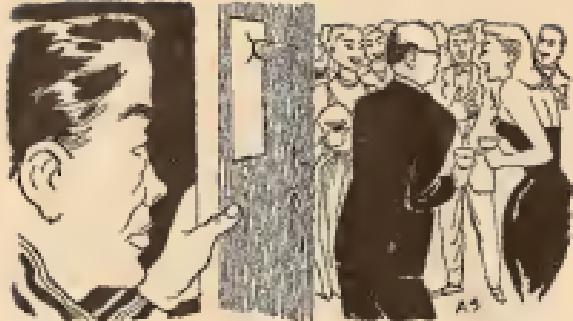
There were reasonable grounds for believing that the long walk wouldn't confined to a heart-to-heart chat about being a better boy in future. There were reasonable grounds for believing that the girl was not, in fact, a relative at all. But the officer was worried at because she was about the only person likely to have any authentic influence on a young but already hardened character.

To enforce the fact that this is a "school" and not a "gaol" the "officers" are not permitted to use physical violence on the boys in their charge, except to save their lives.

The possibility is admitted that their lives could be endangered by some of these teen-age charges, and the position has arisen where a boy has attacked his officer-in-charge with a pair of four-by-two hardwood, knowing that he is reasonably safe from anything but the loss of privileges and a prolonged sentence, as punishment for the assault.

The attitude adopted towards these teen-age criminals is one of the greatest understanding. They receive the most humane and encouraging treatment. But very often they make mistakes for weakness, because leniency has caused us appeal to them. Human treatment is regarded as opening the way for more and more misdemeanours, the consequences of which will be slight.

It is impossible to get away from



The boy knew a good deal of stuff which caused social and monetary loss to a child. He knew it from what he overheard from guards at his father's prison.

the routine of cause and consequence, even in the name of leniency, even dealing with teenage offenders. Their attitudes, and the nature of their crimes, today makes the word "delinquency" a misnomer, a soft-soap word which only conceals the true character of their behaviour. They are not delinquents—they are criminals.

The detective attached to a Sydney suburban police station has a routine which should have a very disturbing effect on the community: they investigate policing by starting at the local high school. They feel their best chance of closing up a robbery quickly is to go through the schoolboys who have already won repartition for pretty thiefing.

In this same area the manager of a chain store told the writer that he has a steady flow of customers from schoolboys who

come through the store on their way home from school and pillar hotel. Occasional boys are caught and warned, and some are found to be repeat offenders, and their parents are called into the store for interview. The position will reach the stage where police action had to be sought.

A pattern of juvenile law-breaking seemed to be established in the district—and it was, again, not a slum area, but a good-class residential suburb.

A plumpish policeman who worked through that district found one of the big drawbacks to getting crime cleaned up at its source. It is illustrated in this case—not a nice one.

A girl on her way home from high school had accepted a ride in a tradesman's wagon, a motor wagon. She knew the driver of the wagon, and had apparently

hired to accompany him on a joyride. It was almost dark when she arrived home an hour late. She told the usual story about the driver of the wagon, and her parents immediately called the police.

The policemen who arrived and heard the story, There was no doubt about the identification of the guilty man; but there was some doubt as to whether the girl had consented to what took place, and had afterwards complained out of fear. A search was made of the area, the man was found seated in the wagon. There were empty bottles about.

The man was found to be just old enough to have a driver's license for the work he was doing—he was still well under 21.

He alleged that the girl had been a willing party to the "picnic". He also admitted that he knew the girl's age.

At this stage everything was set for his arrest—but the parents of the girl threw a spanner into the works. Having recovered from the first shock of what took place, they were already sorry they had called the police. When they thought of what would come next, they were horrified. Their "dirty law" would be sure to arrest him.

So they refused to prefer a charge against the youth who was responsible for the episode. They also made it fairly plain that if there was a police charge involved, their evidence would not contain anything that would be detrimental to their reputation in the district.

In short, whatever damage had been done had to be flushed up, at any cost.

Nobody wants bad publicity to be a root offence—that is certain

among his neighbours. Nobody wants that kind of episode aired publicly. But the principle of keeping it quiet at any cost, is dangerous in the extreme.

It is dangerous because the youth in the case, knowing that he has broken the law in the most serious way, and has escaped the consequences, is in no way deterred.

He has some grounds for taking the attitude, in future, that he can do what he likes, within reason, because, "They're frightened to speak!" The attitude is tantamount to telling him that he is going to escape the consequences of his action. In other words, he has no deterrent.

One of the police associated with the case told me he felt like giving the lad a good hiding.

"It was the only way left of punishing him," he said, "and anybody who knew the facts of the case would have endorsed such an action. But—as there was no claim, no support for the fact he had done wrong, he would probably have been tough enough to sue for assault. And had there been a charge such a course as giving him a thrashing would have been unnecessary. So the position was that the only punishment he could have had would have finished as a "police bashing"—and he knew we weren't prepared to risk that. What will he do next time?"

That last question is one that is never out of the minds of people who have come up against that problem. Helplessly faced with somebody doing wrong and getting away with it, they can only wonder what the next offence will be.

Because, in that case, there will

wrongs are done by the young criminal before he is brought to book for one. Many offences are permanently undetected.

A break preparing called up the police headquarters one day, and asked what could be done about some indecent photographs which had been left for a same-day-news development.

The story was that the rolls of film left for development had been forwarded in bulk to the photographer, who had processed them. When they were inspected they were found to contain one roll of film which caused a sharp intake of breath.

The roll was returned, with negatives and prints, to the break agent, with a complaint showing her attention to it. That was the first she

know about the trouble, and her first action was to call the police.

A police officer visited the break and inspected the negatives and prints which had been held there. He, too, drew his breath in sharply.

But though the prints were grossly indecent, and the photographer was liable to punishment, every caution had to be observed for where the law sometimes seems to be hard on the innocent, it nevertheless gives the unscrupulous the benefit of every doubt. Supposing that the person in whose name the prints were left was a messenger unaware of their contents? Suppose he had no knowledge? Suppose that a false name had been given?

The police officer arranged a signal with the break preparer



"May I ask who gave you permission to install a half-wall
down on my car?"

and walked across the road. Finally he received the signal. He walked over to the kid. He went up to the young man, the girl indicated and asked if he might see the photographs which had just been collected.

The young man was a teenager who became very flustered and denied that he knew anything about them. He handed them over to the police officer, who showed them to him. There could be no further denial, because the young fellow who denied that he knew anything about the photographs was easily identified with the man in the pictures.

He was taken in the police station and the police talked over with him the whole thing.

Some unfortunate facts came out. The first was that the photographs had been taken in a public park among some trees. The second was that they had been taken by a ten-year girl. The third was that when the flushed taking photographs of him he took some of her. The fourth was that as the photographs had not been published or offered for sale he had let himself in far no more than an offensive rap.

The fact remained that, whatever the law could strictly do to him, a clear picture of depravity had been exposed—one in which the very appearance of their young people before a member of the opposite sex in this condition constituted a grave occurrence, one in which the desire to have and see these unnecessary pictures indicated a diseased state of immature mind; one in which both parties went, at some stage, fall into further depravity and find themselves in much deeper trouble.

"What I am concerned about," the police officer said, "is that even if this is a youthful indiscretion, it is of such a nature as to cause the greatest alarm. What kind of future these young people can have I can only imagine—and what I imagine fills me with dread."

Because the officers who deal with these cases know that whatever happens in the punishment for the offence—the offence will occur again, and may be worse next time. They can see the slide to disaster—and have no authority to stop it beyond punishing the offence which is detected.

There was a notorious case a few years ago, in which a son killed his father. The son had a consistent record of wrong-doing which was known to his associates, but not to his parents or to the police.

The beginning of the capital offence was when his father remonstrated with him for his behaviour. The remonstration was started too late. For a long time he had "got away with it", until he felt nothing but resentment at his father's attempt to exert authority. The blow that turned out to be murder was his final rebellion—he had established a system of rebellion in his mind, had satisfied himself that he could do as he liked. Any attempt to curb his unrestrained behaviour was to be swept aside. The final cost was his father's death. The law came in then. His punishment was a life one—and too late.

Students of history can go back to the classic days of Rome where a good deal of levity was practised by old and young, to put it mildly; but they can remember that the worst degree of murder in the whole crime calendar was

the murder of a relative, and the worst murder of a relative was murder of a father. Even in Rome's degenerate days, patricide, or father murder, was horrifying. Degeneracy never led to that mortal sin being lost in Roman culture, or mother murder, was again, a terrible form even of murder. The basis for these crimes being so reprehensible was not simply the value of human life, for in Rome human life was cheap. The essence of these terrible crimes was the failure to honour the parents—and to rebellion against parents. The Romans did not know the Jewish commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother", but they were definitely in favour of the principle.

In modern civilization that commandment is known as a Christian order—but the observance of it is held lightly, and for that reason alone, a multitude of crimes are committed.

This situation is complex, and not easily sorted out. It goes back as far as the wise saying that "If you give me a child until it is seven, you can do as you like with him; you will never change him."

The damage is not done when a boy meets with the cross-current influence of school days and his first opportunities to be away from surveillance. By the time he meets with bad influences, the child is either old enough to resist a wrong idea, or has drifted to the stage where he is open to influence.

The psychologists—who, these days, are taking this matter extremely seriously—are forced to the conclusion that normally a child accepts a suggestion where he lacks guidance or knowledge.

A child who is forced to sub-

an orchard may be swayed by the fact that he already knows this to be "wrong", and therefore will not do it, or will agree to the suggestion because he has nothing in mind that prevents it. It is not enough to criticize the child on the basis that "he knows it is wrong". They have turned up case after case where, in regard to simple wrong-doing, the young child has no guidance, no convictions, and is open to any suggestion made. He has not been taught right from wrong.

The psychologists are thorough in their systematic slanting of parental blunders.

Elizabeth Hurlock asked a young schoolchild, "Do you love your father?"

"Yes," he said.

"Is there anything you dislike about him?"

"Yes, he doesn't mean what he says."

"How do you think that?" she asked.

"Well, he says he'll buy me a football—but he never does."

Father was a business man. He had a lot of things on his mind. He had his home worries and his business worries. He had a lot of details to sort out. He sorted them out very well, too; he was a success. You couldn't blame him for not remembering to call in and buy a football.

Because he failed to buy a football, he was the man who didn't mean what he said.

He could have given his wife the money for a football, and all would have been well. Or he could have said that he wouldn't buy a

football, and all would have been well.

It is the easy-come-easy-go atmosphere of a home where money doesn't seem to matter much that does the damage. But he and he would buy a football, — and didn't it!

How could that man, later, blame the boy for not crushing him, or not believing him?

He laid the foundations for mis-trust in his son. And this weakens the wills of other things he reads.

Little damage is done in homes

where children are deprived of things through poor circumstances. It is not true that a child will act worse because his parents haven't "peeling money. There is no bad effect in the life of the boy who says, "Will you buy me a football?" and needs only the answer, "I'd like to, son, but I haven't the money."

Children of these homes do not break out on mouse and raid shops to take what they want. They learn to do without, and their native instinct is to go out and work for what they wish to earn. They see their parents work-



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don't take time off to speak to your son, to be interested in him, and to give him a place in the home. He got this way through not being wanted."

"Surely I'm entitled to my gold?" the father said.

"Do you have a daddy?"

He laughed. "I can't afford to pay a daddy."

"Why don't you ask your boy to daddy for you?" the court adviser asked.

"I'd never thought of it," the father said. "But it's a good idea."

There isn't any record of whether he did, in fact, put the idea to the boy. It was a sound thought. He could put it to work and meet with acceptance at this stage, because he had left his son too late.

Even then it would be wrong to say the boy simply refused to submit to his father's will. He had been left too long to form his own habit patterns. And having formed them, like anybody else in the world, he might resent having them disturbed. He would miss his former activities—he would cross things he had not he never should have had. And crossing them would make him dissatisfied with his new pastime.

The case, if it ended in difficulty, would still go back to the days

when the father failed to make the child—the early days.

There is ample evidence that today there is a big back-lash from the long absence of fathers during the war.

There are the sons of today whose first recollection of their fathers is when they were six or seven or eight years old and a strange man walked into the house. What happened after that depended entirely on how the mother had handled the position in the father's absence, and how he had handled it when he came back.

That phase is past, and it is too late to talk about it. But it still has to be recognized as one factor which is disturbing the youth in today's community. It doesn't make the wrong-doing of the youth any better, but it often an explanation to why these things go on.

There is the case of a man who heard his son telling another boy an extremely sophisticated off-colour story. He was angry about it, called the boy, asked him where he heard it.

The answer had impact. "I heard some of the people telling it at the party we had the other night, and you laughed," the lad said.

The lad was in bed at the time supposed to be asleep. But he was

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young stroke shortening the conversation that was going on outside. He knew a good deal of what went on, and was curious to a child. He knew it from what he overheard among the adults in the house. He knew it from open discussions in the home of the scandalous things that were going on in the neighbourhood, and his parents weren't taking these scandals very seriously. Why should he?

There was the case of a boy charged with attempting to be familiar with a young girl. He really couldn't see that it was as bad as all that, since his own mother had told his father about a neighbouring row over the husband and husband, and they had both laughed.

Flattery deludes! Maybe so, to the grown men who have had his innocence slowly stripped from him. But to the impenitent child, there are vivid vaginations of what other people are doing that he is meant out on.

Misling out is right. The first and dominant instinct of the small human is to imitate the larger human. The small boy looks around him, wonders what the world is all about, and quite unconsciously patterns himself on what he sees in his elders. One hopes they are also big betters.

When they are doing things he must not do, he is "misled out".

He is a great dreamer, the young boy, and a great adventurer. When he becomes a cowboy he wanted to be a cowboy; when he heard about tycoon he wanted to be a tycoon man. He patterns his play on adult activities. As he grows older, he fixes his values and his behaviour and his attitude towards things, on the values and behaviour and attitude of the parent.

He is not thoughtful or reasoning. He expects to have instruction and example. That need an arbitrary statement; it is the finding of experts. The child wants to be taught and when he is taught, he is self-confident because he knows what is expected and what he should do.

In the absence of instruction, he is uncertain of himself. He is never stuck for an example, because he patterns his behaviour on what he sees that makes most impact. It might, of course, be right conduct at home, but if it is not, then he copies something else.

A survey of child crime in 1954 leads responsible people to state that the basic upset in the minds of the young is what they call "insecurities" or a feeling of "insecurity".

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Some of the reasons for their feeling insecure have been revealed by cases quoted in this review. One of them would be that busy parents have no time to devote to them—certainly a parent must feel a miff in a set-up where he is not important enough to command time, or where a present made to him is only the present of a football, if not kept. Certainly he must feel inferior if he knows that he is regarded for saying the same things that his parents say behind his back. He cannot think, reason, understand, or appreciate. He must be taught, and what he cannot understand bewilders him.

Zoologists say that many an animal will turn and fight only when it is afraid, when it is cornered, or will pursue and kill only when it is hungry, or to protect its young.

There is a widespread feeling that humans are far removed from animals; sometimes the suggestion seems to be based on nothing more than the fact that animals can't talk.

The devoted human, the brave, or afraid human, is still the one who turns on anxiety and releases his feelings in the form of crimes. There was a rather crude theory that this happened while he was hungry for food or afraid of his life, or of something which threatened him.

There may have been a time when that was true. Today it is certain that his hunger does not have to be for food before he turns against society. There are well-fed stomachs committing crime today because of their hunger for insignity, for wealth,

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for excitement, and for the importance and security which they should naturally feel but which is not there.

No psychologist's survey ignores the fact that there are anomalies facing any young person. He must accept them, and form an intelligent social attitude towards them.

One of the anomalies is that, well cared for in physical aspects and given adequate money to spend on spare-time pleasures, he is physically right for marriage by the age of sixteen to eighteen, but cannot economically afford interests for another five to ten years.

During those ten years he is at his most eager and adventurous age, he is surrounded by women of his own age and older, who smoke and drink with men, who flirt and talk boldly. At the same time he is free of parental restraint, and he does not take a moral code over-seriously because it is broken every day and nobody seems to get hurt much breaking it. Those who do get hurt he thinks are not smart.

The girl, for her part, likes his youth, his brightness, the amount of money he has to spend, and his recklessness and masculinity. She, too, as mature, conscious of her beauty, gives her boyfriend less money to spend on her, and eager to hold his interest. She, too, is

free of parental restraint, though the consequences of moral breaches, being all here, have a more deterrent effect on her, than on the boy.

But when this boy and girl are together, unconcerned of themselves, determined to have the best time they can, self-confident, and a little daring—there is not one ingredient missing for a moral collapse.

From that background comes the hedge, the bridge, the youthful criminal who finds, on experience, that what looks like but money is not big enough for all the excitement he and his girlfriend can enjoy—and looks for more, easier, quicker money.

It doesn't solve anything to put him in the children's court and say "he should still be at school." It doesn't help much to talk to him about ambition. He's living in the same age when his elders and betters add to his feelings of insecurity by estimating how many other the next bomb could wipe out.

The only thing the atom age hasn't given him is a set of values, a code of behaviour, and a belief in the size-c caught future. It has given him enough money to buy trouble, enough freedom to get into trouble, enough comfort as a boy not to worry about his home needs as a man, enough temptation to damage most people, but no directives to make him secure in life.

He's been set up for a criminal youth and a useless life.

And all that stands between him and that, is a wise outlook in a balanced home, the feeling

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A WARNING TO MEN IN MID-LIFE

At about 50 years of age most men have a certain amount of wealth and experience. At the same time, for financial reasons, they suddenly discover a certain freedom and, convinced and probably that they are unable to sleep, and too interested in life, they suffer from a great desire to drink. This desire is not to be considered as a desire to "sober up", but rather as a desire to "sober down". And here all seems a natural desire, because, for one thing, it is not unusual to see middle-aged men frequently, and, for another, the desire of men at 50 and those over 50 is to "sober up" as young as 10 who have left their parents. So, the 50s suffer from a sort of "reverse" condition.

If you then think of just one it is a little indication that your general condition of health and character is not as good as it was at the time when you were then a young man, and that the same applies to the rest of the world.

Young men and women possess many pleasant, if not the best, qualities and, if you consider the magnificence physical, mental and spiritual, of most young people today, you will see that the 50s are not bad, but they are not good. They are, however, somewhat dull, somewhat weary, somewhat older, have some and a few, more aggressive, determined, approach to life.

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of his own importance and rightful place in his own surroundings, and a proper understanding of how to use the advantages he has now to build himself a useful future.

The man who explains to his parents over the right place of drink in his life, who at the right time teaches his son how and when to drink, has done an infinitely better job than the man who tells his son he mustn't drink—then spends Saturday afternoon drinking with the "boys" while his son wonders at his own loss and, thinking that he is his important than the drink he mustn't have.

They say like father, like son, but that isn't quite so. You might say like father like son—only reverse. Because the tree you are in the sea.

As the juvenile criminals will their ranks on every hand they are a position not for police or welfare workers in the first instance, but for parents.

In a home where they feel secure, where love and interest is there is shown, where they are taught the values of life, the young people come out to be the next generation of good citizens.

But, deprived of these things, during neglected and immature they come out to reduce the age of criminal violence to a pathetically low figure.

My father would like to think that the son he had hoped for was a good-harted. Nor would he like to think that the son went to jail through his own fatherly neglect.

It isn't a nice thought. It would not be a nice feeling. But it is the summed-up of wide experience.

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UICK UIPS

It takes all types to make a world and one type who is very popular in the church blonde. During a conversation with me one night, we mentioned the word "cigarettes", and you know what our companion said? She said something should be done about cigarettes—to stop people killing themselves.

Which statement made me feel like a friend at his wedding. When asked if he would "take this woman", he said: "I will."

But, to get back to this church blonde. She applied for stage work once and the director asked her if she'd ever had stage experience. She told him: "Well, I had my less in a cast once."

She got a job as a model, but it did not last long. Said she did not have enough to satisfy her mind. It appears the only work she did was when the boy was looking.

This blonde may not have had much under her head, but outside, she was terrific, particularly in a sweater. She told us once that sweater girls make good teachers—they call in things to clean.

While on vacation, she was at a ball one night and someone was made of wallflowers. Her defin-

it was a wallflower was a girl who wore a sweater to keep herself warm.

Which reminds me: we went on a pleasure cruise one time and the last night the passengers were too sky to dance. Then we met some rough weather. That set the ball rolling!

We took our church blonde dancing one night. On the dance floor was a psychiatrist. How did we know he was a psychiatrist? Well, when we entered the dance hall every man turned his head to watch my partner; every man, that is, except that psychiatrist. That is how we know what he was. You see, he watched everybody else.

Most of psychiatrists bring to mind one we knew. He asked a woman patient to tell him the dream she had the previous night. She told him she had not dreamed at all. "Mother," he thundered, "how do you expect me to help you if you won't do your homework?"

Yes, it takes all types to make a world. Take the moth for example. He is a perverse creature. He spends the summer in a fur coat and the winter in a bathing suit.

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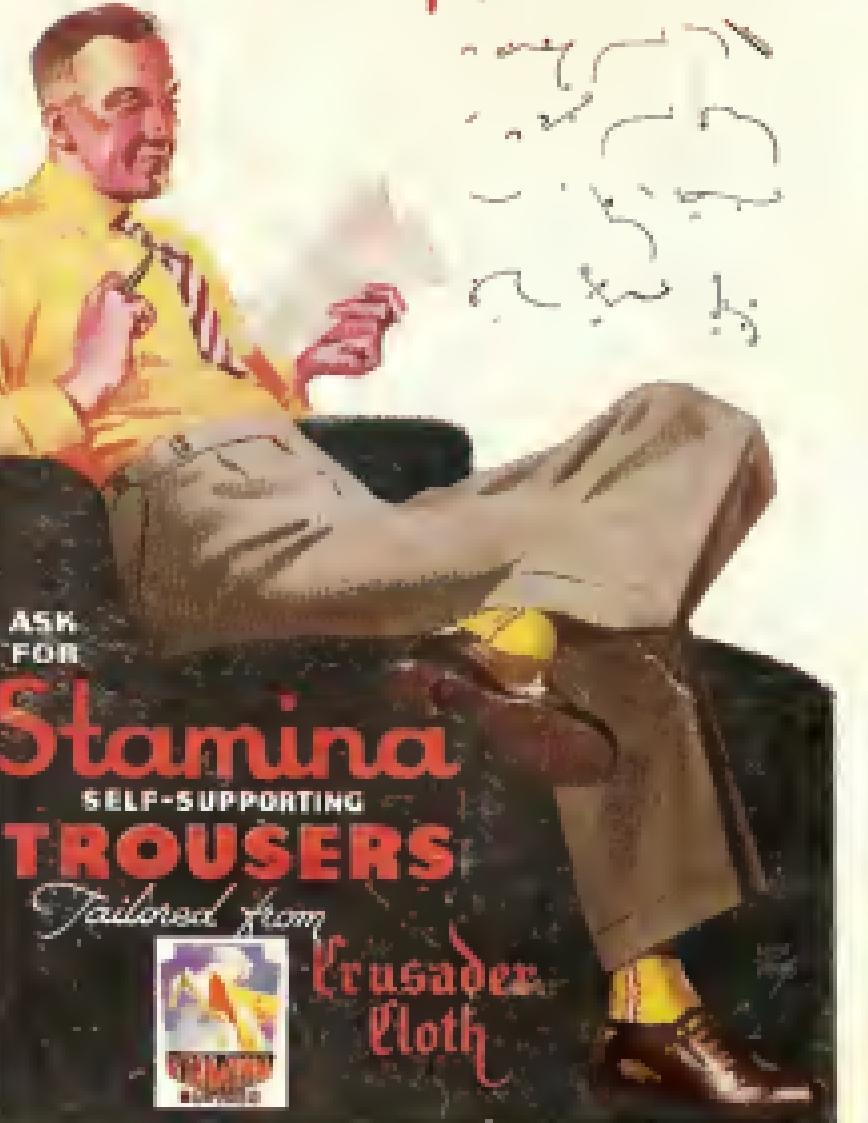
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